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TO OOFTY GOOFT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY S. F. M.

The world grows old, and men grow cold
To each while seeking treasure,
And what with want, and care, and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure;
But never mind—this is a loss
None much to be lamented,
Life runs on gaily if we will
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No! steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining;
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope
Hath of his choice repented.
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap
And consolation borrow.
If thorns will rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented,
So make of life the best you can,
And smile and be contented.

If you will only emulate
The tone of your Dutch sketches,
Leave politicians all alone—
They're a horrid set of wretches—
And sit down quiet here by me,
You will not be tormented,
And thus, dear boy, you'll plainly see
How to smile and be contented.

BROOKLYN, L. I., 1871.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOYCE DORMER'S" STORY.

CHAPTER V.
PROGRESSIVE.

One must ascend into poetry from prose, and also descend into prose from poetry. There are few who have not felt this; and, perhaps, to ascend and descend gracefully is the art of living—in an æsthetic sense.

Life is an alternation of the two conditions, though the proportions in each individual life differ greatly according to circumstances. In some lives, the prose greatly predominates; indeed, in some, but a passing gleam of the poetic is experienced. In others, the prose and poetry are tolerably balanced; and some favored few get even more than a due share of the latter, though in none does the poetic entirely prevail.

Diana's first interview with John Carteret had been under poetic condition. Her second partook of the prose side of life. And it happened in this wise.

The luncheon bell had just sounded; and Diana, in passing through the hall, caught, through the half-open door, a glimpse of two figures advancing up the avenue—the rector and John Carteret. She had never been glad to see the rector before.

Mrs. Seaton was already in the dining room.

"Dr. Crawford is coming," observed Diana, carelessly and diplomatically, as she entered.

"I am glad to hear it. Smith, put another plate and ask Dr. Crawford to come in."

"There is some one with him," proceeded Diana, looking out of the window, and seeming to have made a discovery—meanwhile despising herself.

"Dear me! Who can it be? His brother, perhaps."

"No, not his brother," returned Diana, feeling uncomfortably shy and undecided.

Then she made a bold plunge.

"It is a Mr. Carteret. He has come to read with Dr. Crawford. I met him accidentally at the church yesterday, and he introduced himself."

"Carteret! Carteret! I surely know something of the name. A very good name. Why didn't you mention him?"

But before Diana could answer, Dr. Crawford and John Carteret were ushered in.

"Charmed to see you, doctor," said Mrs. Seaton. "And how is Mrs. Crawford?—better, I trust. Di and I were intending to walk down to the rectory to see her as soon as luncheon was over."

Whereat Diana turned scarlet and her lip curled contemptuously.

"No, we were not," she muttered, in a low, suppressed tone, that only reached John Carteret.

"You will stay luncheon, of course?" continued Mrs. Seaton; "and your friend—Mr. Carteret, I believe?" and she extended her hand. "Di tells me that she met you at the church yesterday."

Dr. Crawford glanced at his companion. He had been even more reticent than Diana.

"Yes. Miss Ellis and I were attracted to the organ at the same time," replied John Carteret.

"You are fond of music, then?" said Mrs. Seaton.

"Very."

"Mr. Carteret is a cousin of a friend of yours, Mrs. Seaton," interposed Dr. Crawford; "Lady Pechford."

"Ah! I thought I knew something of the name. A very old friend of mine. I hope your cousin was well when you saw her, Mr. Carteret? It is ages since we met."

"Quite well, thank you."

"And you are fond of music," resumed Mrs. Seaton, when they were seated at the table. "We must have some musical evenings whilst you are at the rectory. You have not heard Di play for a long time, Dr. Crawford."

"No—Di has not favored me," replied Dr. Crawford. "Any Worcestershire sauce, Smith?"

"Di plays beautifully now, doctor. Signor Neri has quite done his duty. And you can't imagine the immense relief it is to me that Di can sing and play so well; it quite does away with my being obliged to invite poor little Neri to do the musical part for me at my dinner parties. To be sure, he only came to coffee; for one could not invite him to sit at table with one's guests."

"Why not?" interposed Diana, suddenly. "If one can accept a favor from a person, one puts oneself on an equality."

"By no means. It was a favor on the other side—an introduction for him. And the coffee was always excellent. Foreigners always like coffee, and it made a pleasant change for him. But you know, Dr. Crawford," said Mrs. Seaton, appealingly, "Di was always infatuated about that little foreigner and his sister."

"Yes, yes," answered the rector, smiling benignly. "Want of experience; little more knowledge of the world, Di. Capital sherry this, Mrs. Seaton. Where does Jasper get it? I must order some."

"I really don't know. Is it good? A little more of the *fricandeau de veau*. Smith, you are not attending. But, Dr. Crawford, you fully see what I mean with reference to Signor Neri?"

"Quite—quite. Impossible to upset the forms of society. Friendly to all—in a Christian sense—all brothers, and so on; theoretically, the wide view, my dear Mrs. Seaton—the wide view; but, when it comes to every day practice, one has to draw the line a little more tightly. It becomes necessarily more defined: less vagueness about it. There is, naturally, an unavoidable vagueness in great classifications. The pulpit is one thing, the table is another. Besides, one always feels doubtful about refugees. There is an air of—of—something that is not quite respectable about the very word itself—suggestive of spies, contrabandists, agitators, subverters of order, innovators—and there is nothing so much to be guarded against as innovation of any kind."

"I quite agree with you. Your views are always so sound—so practical."

Dr. Crawford bowed and helped himself to another glass of sherry.

"You are most fortunate, Mr. Carteret, in finding your way to Broadmead," continued Mrs. Seaton, turning to John Carteret.

"I am," he replied.

Diana looked up quickly. Could he be guilty of a compliment to Dr. Crawford? Was it possible that she had been deceived in her new acquaintance? She fell into a reverie, and when she awoke from it John Carteret was quietly and indifferently descanting upon the best method of forcing peaches. How he had passed on to the topic Diana did not understand, she had been so immersed in her own speculations that she had missed the connecting link.

Nevertheless, so it was, and Signor Neri's shortcomings and Dr. Crawford's perfections were lost sight of, also her own rising indignation.

But not for long. The rector, having made an excellent luncheon, and consequently feeling complacent, was moved to develop his views on various subjects, and Mrs. Seaton, who had been watching the color rising in Diana's face, and expected an outburst, proposed that Mr. Carteret's opinion of the new piano should be asked.

"Will you look at it?" asked Diana, endeavoring to crush down her anger, as she saw John Carteret's quiet glance fixed upon her.

"With pleasure."

But as they passed through the hall, Diana said:—

"It is too hot to stay in the house. It is very cool among the pines and the view is worth seeing."

"The pines, then, by all means," replied her companion.

Diana took down her hat.

They walked along—without speaking—through the garden, bright with auriculas, polyanthuses and glowing beds of anemones. The laburnum was showing yellow tips that would soon burst into flower, and the lilac was opening its clusters and beginning to send forth clouds of fragrance.

They entered the wood close by the spot where the wild hyacinths were massed in glorious profusion. John Carteret paused to admire the lovely sweep of color.

"How beautiful!"

Diana nodded.

And they went on in silence, until they gained a slight eminence which commanded a wide prospect of the country around.

Below them lay the valley, bright with the fresh young green of spring, and, far away—bounding the horizon—stretched the blue sea line, visible only from that point.

"And there the sun goes down—over the marshwood beeches. I often come up here to see it set."

She spoke softly, for, in the beauty of nature, she had forgotten her indignation.

Presently it recurred to her.

"Do you wonder that I hate Dr. Crawford?" she asked, flinging down her hat with an impetuous jerk.

"Because he is of the earth, earthy?" asked her companion, without directly replying to the question. "Nonsense—what are you going to do in the world?"

Diana looked up in wonderment, and then she answered, in so mournful a voice that John Carteret could not help smiling:—

"I don't know."

"Every one has two sides," began John Carteret.

"That is just what I dislike," interrupted Diana. "People ought only to have one."

"Entirely good or entirely bad? The world would then be peopled with either monsters or angels, and that, you see, is at variance with the natural order of things."

Diana was a little perplexed. The view did not chime in with her ideas.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, suddenly. "What do you expect to learn from Dr. Crawford?"

"Dr. Crawford is a good Hebrew scholar."

"Oh!" And then she said, meditatively: "I'm sorry you are going to be a clergyman. And yet, perhaps, I should like to hear you preach, for I feel certain that you would say nothing that you did not with your whole heart believe in."

"Then you give me credit for honesty?"

"Yes. I have an intuitive feeling when I can trust a person."

"I feel flattered," he answered. "May I consider, then, that you will add me to your list of friends?"

Diana's eyes gleamed with a deeper light.

"Yes," she said; "I shall be glad to have you for a friend. I have only three: Signor Neri, and his sister, and Madame de Mouline."

"All foreigners?"

"No; Madame de Mouline is Jasper's sister. She is much older than Jasper, and married a Frenchman. But she will not be my friend long I am afraid—I think she will die, though Mrs. Seaton will not hear of such a thing. Jasper has gone to stay with her."

An odd sensation flitted through John Carteret's mind at this mention of Jasper, for which he could not account, and a strange curiosity to know something about him.

Presently he was satisfied, for Diana went on:—

"Jasper is my guardian. You would not like him, though he can be agreeable enough if he chooses—but no one can depend upon him. He thinks one thing one minute, and something quite different the next—just according to the humor he is in. Besides, he is very passionate; so, on the whole, you see, I could not have him for a friend."

John Carteret made no answer. Perhaps Diana expected none, for she was looking far away into the distance and her thoughts were evidently wandering. One ray of sunshine, stealing through the many-leaved ceiling above them, played around the tawny yellow hair and lighted it unto the semblance of a glory, and then lost itself among her amber beads, that flashed like fire as it touched them. The face, looking out from the circling halo, was pale through contrast, and the eyes were full of some inner thought that made the lips twitch restlessly.

John Carteret did not disturb the thinker. At length she spoke:—

"Which do you like best, sunrise or sunset?"

"Is that the result of your meditations?" asked her companion.

"Yes, but I do not know how or why it came—it was like a flash at the end of them. But you have not answered."

"I scarcely know which to say."

"Do you not?" she asked, in a more earnest tone than the question appeared to demand. "That is like myself. I used to be quite sure that I liked the sunset best—it was like something finished, something that had won a victory, and was sinking in all its glory to rest in a world of gold and amethyst and precious things. But now, it seems to me that the rising is just as beautiful—rising in all the crimson glow to light the earth, to rule over it, to bring the day. I cannot make it out—I do not understand, but since that sermon on Sunday—I don't believe Dr. Crawford made it himself; he couldn't; he is not the man to think the things he said—since then, everything has seemed different, even I, myself. It is as though I had wings, and were pluming them for flight, only I do not know whither."

She was scarcely speaking to John Carteret now. Far away over the blue sea line her eyes were looking into the west, as though they could pierce beyond, even unto the unknown.

"There are strange meanings in everything, I believe," she said, "and voices everywhere. Do you hear them also? The stories that I heard when I was a child, long, long ago, in India, come crowding into my mind. I have not thought of them since, until these last few days. And now it seems as if nature were no longer inanimate, but that each stream may be some spirit having power for good and evil—that the birds that sing around us may be human souls crying to us for sympathy."

She turned suddenly to John Carteret as she spoke the last words, and the mournful look died away, and a scornful flash came into her eyes and a scornful smile upon her lips.

"Supposing I said all this to Dr. Crawford, what do you think he would say? He would laugh and tell me that I was talking nonsense, that I was wild and romantic, and that my head was turned with wandering in the woods and playing on the organ. And yet I know that there is some great truth in what I feel—that something is being taught me; and that he—he who stands up Sunday after Sunday to teach the people, cannot tell me about it, because it is something greater than he can understand. If you are going to be a preacher you will have to know more than he does. You must learn what these things mean. Do you know? Can you tell me?"

And the scornful tone changed into pleading, as she finished her speech.

"Can you tell me?"

Did he know? So he asked himself and so answered within himself:—

"Not until now."

And now the revelation came—came to him through his own soul; and his own soul told him that, in the crimson morning light of awakening, the soul beside him was struggling into existence—was beginning to feel, to hear, to speak.

"Not now," he said, in a low voice.

And she, looking up at the spiritual face that had illumined the sermon for her, felt that she was answered already.

At any rate she was content to wait.

CHAPTER VI.
IL PARADISO.

How it came to pass John Carteret could scarcely tell. Yet it might have been expected; it was but natural, as he, upon sober consideration, afterwards admitted.

But he was not in a mood to consider soberly now. It was almost the last of the May days that had been slipping away so pleasantly, that had come in white crowned, and were stealing into June with coronals of rosebuds, green and crimson streaked.

The blue sweep of hyacinths had faded away. The sun had gathered all their brightness unto himself, and, perhaps, flung it over the skies, which were deepening into denser azure. The trees were in fuller leaf and lacked little of their midsummer glory. The wild dove cooed among their branches and the swallow was no stranger now.

Was it wonderful that the heart should beat at the sight and sounds of summer? Was it wonderful that, in the midst of the garden, the man should find that something was wanting; that Paradise was not complete without an Eve?

And underneath the pines the leaping waters clattered a silvery, sparkling symphony to the lovers' voices.

So soon! How had it come to pass that the wayward, uncurbed girl, so scantily educated, had won the heart of the calm, well disciplined, accomplished scholar? Who can understand these things? Do they not shape themselves through some mysterious psychological law, that binds together on earth what shall be bound hereafter in heaven?—not all marriages, but all soul unions, of which Klopstock's friend declares that there are not many formed on earth that shall be continued in the after world.

Was Diana the Eve that should tread with him another Paradise? How could he tell yet—for the end was not nigh? Nay, it had not even entered into his thoughts. All was so fresh and wonderful at present that there was no need for speculation. The present was but a dream—a vision of beauty.

Diana had found the answer to her question, though she knew it not. She had found that her soul had struggled into birth, that the hidden sense of immortality had sprung to light, and that a new world had opened out suddenly before her.

And how?

Through one form of the subtle influence that moves the universe; that through all nature breathes aloud to man; that is the voice calling from the mighty depths of divinity, bringing the souls that hearken nearer to itself; that is, in its various phases, the one up heaver for good—the greatest revolutionary power—the most despotic, because the most perfect lawgiver; the one force that, from life to death, is the only mover for good of the human heart; the fulfilling of the law that brings men nearer to God, for it is the manifestation of God Himself.

Yea, to the Infinite Love alone can man aspire, through knowledge of the Finite. For love, in the abstract, ennobles and refines; whether it be the love of man to man, of parent to child, of brother to brother, or that mystic soul love ordained in Eden between man and woman—since none can love aright without a purifying of the earthly nature.

And so Diana was learning. She had awakened through love to perceive—though as yet but dimly—the higher life.

But she was only at the beginning. She had opened her eyes in the midst of the garden planted eastward, nigh to the rising of the sun, and the crimson light was falling all around her and she was dazzled by its glory.

Ah! was not the present paradise and paradise the golden future?

Suddenly, John Carteret awoke with a start. What had he done? Had he done wisely? Had he not been too hasty—even imprudent? And yet he did not repent.

"I am very poor, Diana. I have my own way to make in the world."

"Ah! never mind. You will soon be a clergyman now, and then you can have a rectory and a church, like Broadmead."

John Carteret shook his head.

"It will be long enough before I get a living, Di. I shall have to be a curate first, on eighty or a hundred pounds a year."

"It is very easy to be poor," said Diana, naively. "I should not mind it in the least. I don't really care for any of these things," and she pulled off her bracelets and tugged at her amber beads. "I only think they look pretty. Do you care about them?" and she looked anxiously at him.

He laughed.

"I don't think the bracelets had anything to do with it," he answered.

And yet Di would scarcely have been the same Di without them. They were characteristic and so had done their duty.

"I have never thought of riches or poverty, or things of that sort," said Diana; "besides, gentlepeople are never really poor—like poor people."

A half reproachful feeling shot across John Carteret.

Had he not been to blame? She was so young, so ignorant of the world, and he looked down at the upraised eyes that were full of faith in him, that depended hungrily on him for strength and knowledge.

No, he did not repent, though the world lay spread out only as a blank before him. Was there not room enough in it for him to find a place to stand in? Was there not work enough to be found for him and every true man who has a steady purpose in his soul?

The world is not half full yet; the world is not over crowded; the world is not drained of its resources. The fault is in the man and not in the world. Look to it, ye who study mankind, and know the successful and the unsuccessful ones.

So John Carteret fell to musing, and his musing brought to him a new spirit of strength. It was early morning, with the fresh, invigorating hope breezes playing upon his brow. The noontide had not come; there had been no time for scorching and withering.

Diana also fell to musing, and her musing brought forth the decision to begin to play at poverty, that so through the shadow she might become acclimated, in anticipation, to the substance. And to this end she requested permission to move into the two rooms in the north wing.

She wanted no repairs done; simply for them to be cleaned out, and her own especial property moved up to them. Not any of the luxuries of her present room would she have touched; and it was luxuriously furnished, for Diana had a gorgeous eastern taste, and rejoiced in comfort and glowing colors; and Jasper, who had looked upon her much in the light of a pet tigress, and had been amused with her willfulness and extravagant fancies, had indulged her whims to the utmost. He had alternately fretted and spoiled her; but had been too unstable and passionate himself ever to gain any great depth of her affection.

Mrs. Seaton had done very much the same, partly to humor her son, whom she idolized; and, therefore, when Diana preferred her request for the two attics, she had been very much surprised and endeavored to persuade her to give up her scheme.

But Diana persevered, and, as usual, gained her point. Morever, she was even grateful also.

"I don't deserve all the kindness you have shown me," she said, "I have never thought enough about it, I am afraid."

At which unprecedented speech Mrs. Seaton was more astonished than ever. But the climax came in the announcement of Diana's engagement; then Mrs. Seaton's amazement was indescribable.

"How came you to think of such things? Who put such an idea into your head?" she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak.

"No one," replied Diana, naively. "It came to me."

And Diana began to play at poverty in her scantily furnished rooms and found it very easy work. People did not want half the things they thought they required. She was just as well off without curtains and soft carpets, and gilded furniture; and what could be more beautiful than the yellow sunshine and the flowers, and the thoughts that were in her heart?

She had told Mrs. Seaton that the rooms seemed nearer to heaven; and truly, since she had established herself there she had been living in paradise.

The storms had been fewer of late, for Diana had taken less notice of the manifold small vexations of life that had heretofore called forth her indignation. In fact, she had scarcely perceived them; for it is wonderful how blind happiness makes one to annoyances that would at other times sorely try the temper! Ah! it is very easy to be pleasant and amiable when one is very happy. All the world has felt it, and has been, at some time or other, tempted to subvert the copy written in childish days, in all the glory of line up and firm down strokes, and small text hand:—"To be good is to be happy." Yet that, doubtless, is true; nevertheless, one has found, even as a child, how naughty one was apt to be when everything was going wrong. And yet—for there are constant paradoxes to be found in life—the soul is often purer, calmer and more contented in trial time than in prosperity. But that does not enter into the question here.

"Is it not a paradise?" said Diana to Jasper Seaton, as he sat gazing upon her as she flitted about the flowers on her unprotected balcony.

"There must be a railing put up," he said, as he approached so near the edge that even he gave a slight shudder.

"Ah! yes; in the high winds my flower pots might be swept off," returned Diana.

"I was not thinking of them, but of you," he answered.

She laughed merrily.

"Oh, I have no fear! I almost feel like a winged being up here; and even if I chanced to overbalance I believe that I should spread out my arms, and descend gently upon the soft turf below. I have sometimes thought of it."

"Have you finished with your flowers?" asked Jasper, a little impatiently.

"Almost. Why?"

"I want to speak to you—to say something seriously."

Diana sat down. She pushed back her hair and looked earnestly at him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"What makes you so happy, Diana?"

The color flushed into her face, mounting higher and higher, and her lip began to curl angrily.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"No."

Then came a little pause, during which Diana's foot tapped restlessly on the floor.

"You are very young, Di."

"Eighteen next August," she returned, drawing herself up and endeavoring to look dignified.

"Too young to know your own mind, Di."

"What do you mean?" she asked, starting up with flashing eyes.

"I am your guardian, Di; and I consider this engagement a very foolish affair. You must give it up, like a sensible girl."

Diana looked at him as though she were tempted to doubt his sanity.

"You are talking nonsense," she said, with very white lips and a strong effort to control her passion.

"Sense, Di."

"I beg to differ," she replied. "I must judge for myself in this matter."

Her quietness surprised Jasper. Certainly, as his mother had said, a change had come over her.

"You had better think it over," he answered. "I am your guardian, and shall not give my consent."

"I shall not ask it," she said scornfully; losing, in her indignation, the dignity that she had tried to assume.

"Mr. Carteret will, I suppose. I presume he is an honorable man, though his making love in this clandestine manner does not seem altogether in his favor."

"Clandestine! Honorable!" exclaimed Diana, fairly roused. "John Carteret is an angel. How dare you to speak of him so?—you, who are not to compare to him in goodness and in——"

"Don't go into a passion, Di," interrupted Jasper, calmly. "If Mr. Carteret is honorable, as you seem to believe, he may take my view of things when I have spoken to him, and laid the subject clearly before him. He has not a penny, I hear; and you"—here he hesitated slightly—"are penniless. It is ridiculous. At any rate, I have to act for your good. And if you persist in your folly, you will have to wait until you are of age; for, until then, you cannot marry without my consent."

And Jasper Seaton rose and stalked out of the apartment. He had put the wedge in more abruptly, perhaps, than he had intended; however, it might be as well. And Diana, left to consider the conversation, began to pace up and down her paradise. Was it true? Would he really be able to influence John Carteret? Could he really prevent the marriage? He could not—he should not. She should be of age some time, and then——

But, somehow, a dark cloud seemed to gather round her and the pent-up storm found relief in a fit of crying. It was half passion, and somehow she knew it—but it did her good. She was vexed and worried. She felt herself tied and bound, and that she had no power to struggle free—for she did not know what power a guardian might possess.

At last she left off sobbing. She closed her eyes, and tried to reason with herself and to be calm.

Yes, she was quite sure John Carteret would not listen to Jasper. Why had she for a moment doubted him.

And the cloud cleared away and a happy smile played upon her face. She wondered how she could have been so foolish as to go into a passion. And she began to feel sorry that she had spoken so sharply to Jasper; for in spite of his shortcomings, he had been very kind to her. Then, as she sat thus dreaming, her eyelids closed closer and closer, until sleep came down and kissed them into rest; and through her dreams she dreamed of Eden, and when she awoke she was still in Paradise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

[NYE'S FORD, STANISLAUS, 1870.]

ILLUSTRATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Do I sleep; do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?

Which expressions are strong;
Yet would feebly imply
Some account of a wrong—
Not to call it a lie—
As was worked off on William, my pardner,
Which his name it was W. Nye.

We came down to the Ford
On the very same day
Of that Lottery drawed
By these sharps at the Fair;
And he says to me, "Truthful, how goes it?"
I replied, "It is far, far from gay—

"For the camp has gone wild
On this Lottery game,
And has even beguiled
'Injin Dick,' by the same."
Which said Nye to me, "Injins is pizen;
Do you know what his number is, James?"

I replied "7, 2,
9, 8, 4, is his hand;"
Which he started—and drew
Out a list, which he scanned;
Then he softly went for his revolver,
With language I cannot command.

Then I said, "William Nye!"
But he turned upon me,
And the look of his eye
Was quite painful to see.
And he says:—"You mistake; this poor Injin
I protects from such sharps as you be."

I was shocked and withdrew:
But I grieve to relate,
When he next met my view
Injin Dick was his mate,
And the two around town were a lying
In a frightfully dissolute state.

Which the war dance they had
Round the tree at the bend,
Was a sight that was sad
And it seemed that the end
Would not justify the proceedings,
As I quiet remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled
The next day to his band;
And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his features,
And a do lar greenback in his hand.

Which, the same when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,
What that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize—
Them figgers in red in the corner,
Which the number of notes specifies.

Was it guile, or a dream?
Is it Nye that I doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?

F. BRET HARTE.

A COMMON COMPLAINT
(At this time of the year).

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I dough that burial flesh is heir
To body a hard disease,
Add doctor's pills are death od bills—
Lord! how co'ds bake ode sleeze!

A jumpi'g tooth or achi'g braid
Are ills we ho'd id dread,
But these I dever have, id lieu,
A bad co'd id by head!

But we should strive with fortitude
To bou bedeath the blows,
Add ebulate the sdeish fee—
Zouds! there's by precious dose!

To spa'd one's tibe 'twixt ha'dkerchief
Add sduff, is far frob fud.
They say Tibe "flies;" 'tis also true
That doses ofted "rud."

Add with this co'd I'b worri'g,
Add stori'g miseries:
I sobetibes thi'k by life will edd
Id ode codtidued sleeze!

F. J. W.

"OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 22.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Ve go home to-morrow, olt man—back do Baradise—back to New York; der bead, der nicest eidy in der vorld. I dell you, Shnoodsey, dey don'd made any bedder as dot olt biace, do dey? I dink id does any von a heab of goot do vent away from home vonce on a vile, und sbday for a shmall lengd of beriod. I dink you abbreshiade dot so much more ven you gid back home agin. Id's like a feller bein sick for a long vile und den gidding well agin. Everyding is bedder home as anyvere's else, efen der bread und budder. Did you efer dook nodice to dot? I drobbed on id und I come down awful heafy, doo. Yes, sir, dere's no biace like home. "Home, Shweed Home." I vood rudder be der ander of a simble, leedle, old-fashioned song like dot dan be a Gofernor of der shdate. Any von kin be a Gofernor, bud dere is ones von John Howard Payne borned in a long, long dime. Of I'le read dot vonce I'le done id a hundred und fifdy dimes. Der beaudy of id is der feelingsomeness of id. You didn'd nefer heard id? Veil I'm exdonished ad you. You are der vorsd lunkhead of a Dudch Brussian I efer vas gwainded mit in my life. Bud vat is der use of finding fault—it's droing vind away—you ain'd vorth id.

Since ve hafe been ub here in Albany ve hafe got agwainted mit some fired rade fellers, und dey hafe used us like brinces. Dey hafe pud ub all kinds of leedle shnabs for us to dry und made us comfordable und habby. Dey'fe dook us oud shnow riding on der ice; dey'fe send us vizzing down der rifer like a shod out of a gun on a ice boad; dey'fe gived us invidashions to balls, bardies und dose kind of dings; dey'fe done eferyding, und ve are much opliged to dem for id; yed all dey kin do voodn'd made us like der town. Der beoples are all righd und eferyding, bud der cidy, Shar ey, is vat knocks. Id's der biace dot ve don'd like, und nod der beoples leefing in id. I don'd shbose any von in der vorld efer dried any harder to like a biace dan Ooity has, but dot's no use. I'm like der feller dot use to drink dree bails of vater drying to shwaller a bill, und den had to led der bill go after all. I'm villing to took vater, bud I can'd go der bill. Dot shducks by my grop, und dot's no use of me saying any differend. Dake dis biace ven der legisladure is here und id's all righd, cause all der New York rs is around den, und id seems like home, but, ven night comes und you hafe to vent off to your own room to shnooze and lay on your ear by your own self, den I'm delling you dot comes kinder duff.

Dis gendleman righd here dalking mit Abe Garfield is Colonel Gus. Funk, from New York city, von of my bead and varmest friends. Colonel Funk is a gendleman of grand addainments, und is vell known und vell liked by efery von almoad in New York. He is der brobriedor of Irving Hall, und Colonel of der Eleefend New York Shdade Miidary Regimend. He vas in der reckular army for some dime, und dey say in a baddle dat he vas a fell of a heller. He is a memper of der Amerigus Glup, too. Gus Funk, dey say, is "der feller dot looks like me," und many und many a dime ife been dook for him. Dey say dot ve look enuff alike to be dooken for siaders, bud I can'd saw vere id is. I oney vish I vas like him in being a dib-dob hole souled gendleman; I vood rest easy for der palance of my matural life. Gus is boody vell fixed, dooks dings easy as der came along, leds like a fighding roosder, does a shbiendid pisaness dot is as much of a bleasure as dot is a pisaness, und kin cound his friends by der dousands. He dinks boody vell of Oofty und Oofty reciproades, und ve like von nudder der same as of ve vas siaders. Of I gid a shance I'll gafe you a introducement to him.

Here is der pleased man in New York or any oder biace, und I'm a bedding on id. Dis feliy is on der bounce from Monday morning dill Sadurday nighd, und oney I knowed dot id vas a unbossibility for a man to god along midoud hafing his fordy vinks reckular, I vood be villing to dook my alderdavid dot he nefer vents to bed. He is gondract gierk in der Debardmend of Buplic Vorks in der cidy of New York, und of der cidy vas full of jurd such fellers like him, de biace vood be a heab differend from vot dot is. Foster Dewey is a drump, and no mistake, und ven I dell you he is a goot feller und a ub und ub gendleman, I vant you to undershdood dot I mean vot I'm saying und feel der force of my drue udderance. Dot's barliamendary language, you raskell, und I just said id to show you dot I'm a shmard feller. Foster is von of our fellers—der Amerigus—he is likevise also a memper of der shdable gang, der Blossoms, und der Oriendals, und no madder vere he goes he is always velcomed by efery von und dey are all gist to saw him. I nefer seened him on my life dot he vasn'd shmiling all o'er—may be dot vas on cound dot he vas gist to saw me. I'm a bedding dough dot he nefer vas any glatter to saw me dan I vas him.

Here is der feller dot vin all der brizes ub to der Insidary Fair some dime sircely, und of he aind a rood to dig den I'm misdooken. Dis is John T. Tully, Clerk of der Board of Assessors, und von of der sooned fellers in der coundry. Tully is a varm friend of Foster Dewey's, und verefer you saw Foster you voond had to look fur to saw old boy Tull. He is a goot feller as efer leefed, und a perfect gendleman. He is der very head und frond of der office he is in sharge of. Vat he dond know bould shdreet bafing, und guroing und guddering dond vas of some accound. Any fine afdernoon, afder der pusiness of der day vas all ofer, you kin always saw John und Dewey valking ub Broadvay togedder, arm in arm. Dey botd dress in der heighd of fashion, und ven dey shdrike der bafemend der ighd vaisded young fellers must gid von side, ouse dey know dot aind some use for dem to shduck ub against der solid men. Tully is vell liked by all der folks, und I don't bleef he has got a enemy. He is firsd rade combany ven he is ond, und he is so full of fun like a egg dot's full of mead. I shbose dey are ub here just looking dings ofer und seeing how der old ding vorks.

Dis is a shdunner—dis feller dooks der rag off der bush or off of anyding else der rag vas on. He's von of dese vat you call ring-dailed roarers, und he's all der dime raising der doose. Sharley, dis is Tony Hartmann, der judge, und of he ain'd a hurrah Toney den you kin shood me. He is a gread feller, und ven he cuds loose den efery von else must dook a back sead. Toney use to vas von dime a memper of der Assemply, bud he's gone a beg higher ub. He is full of fun like der duyvil, und always der same. He dalks a bully good Brussian shdory, und gid him in a growd of fellers he vill keeb dem laffing for dwo or dree days. Toney is a gread man mit der Brussians oier on der east side of der cidy, und dey all shvare by him. Of he don'd made any mistakes he may some day be gidding his bills ound for a higher office. He kin go und shvare dot any dime dot dooks biace dot anyding Oofty kin do for him so as to help him along, dot he oney's got to say dot vord und I vas dere like a dousand of brick bads. I'll gid him to doid you a Duoch shdory sometime, he's bully ad id, und you'll say so doo ven you hear him.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

BEAUTY.—A clever writer says:—"Providence mean woman to make the world beautiful as much as flowers and butterflies, and there is no sin in tasteful dress, but only in devoting to it too much money or too much time." This is a most sensible view, and is the true medium between the one extreme of straight and rigid simplicity and the devotion of the best energies of a lifetime to vanity and frivolity. But, after all, what is this rage for dress but an effort after the beautiful? The reason why the beautiful is not always the result is because so many women are ignorant or merely imitative. They have no sense of fitness; the short wear what belongs to the tall, and brunettes sacrifice their natural beauty to look like blondes, and well they may, for blondes seem generally preferable.

THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real, simple self for power to go through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living in the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs and the superficial arts. It requires great courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among this great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded.

SENTIMENTS REGARDING PRECIOUS STONES.—All precious stones were considered in olden times to have the property or power of keeping off evil spirits. The diamond, from its brilliancy, was dedicated to things celestial, considered a preservation of virtue, and supposed to be an antidote to poison, disease, &c.; as a gift, it brought strength of mind and fortitude to the recipient. The sapphire lost its lustre—as all stones were supposed to do—when worn by a person of impure mind; it was a special preservative against venomous reptiles. The opal was said to give warning of coming misfortune by becoming darker, and returning to its original brightness when the danger was over; it was looked upon as a preservative from illness, and sharpened the mind. The turquoise was the emblem of hope and trust.

AN English correspondent, who writes by balloon-post from the beleaguered city of Paris, relates an amusing incident which he says occurred while he was on a visit to the camp. "While I was talking to the Breton Mobiles," he says, "one of them blew his nose with his handkerchief. His companions apologised to me for this piece of affectation. 'He is from Finisterre,' they said. 'In Finisterre, it appears, luxury is enervating the population, and they blow their noses with handkerchiefs. In other parts of Brittany, where the hardy habits of a former age still prevail, a more simple method is adopted."

KINDNESS.—Said an old merchant one day—"I never did an act of kindness to any human being without finding myself the happier for it afterwards. A single friendly act, cheerfully, pleasantly and promptly done to a fellow creature in trouble or difficulty, besides the good to him, has thrown a streak of sunshine into my heart for the remainder of the day, which I would not have taken a five pound note for."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

DETROIT.—"At auction pitch A has two to go, B one, and C two. A has the sell, and accepts B's offer of two, which puts him (A.) out. B leads the low. C plays high, and A the Jack. C thus making high, Jack. B makes low game. Which wins?".....B wins, having made the two points he bid, and therefore not being set back, and having but one point to go, his low went out before C's high, Jack. At this game, the question of whether the bidder is set back or not, is determined immediately after the hands are played out, and before the points are taken, when they are scored in regular order, as at plain pitch or all fours, viz., high, low, Jack and game.

J. H., Cranston, R. I.—1. Rhode Island's best time was made on the Fashion Course, L. I., Oct. 27, 1865, in a trot against American Girl and George Wilkes. Rhode Island won the first and second heats, and American Girl the next three and race. Time, 2:25; 2:24¾; 2:24; 2:25¾; 2:27¾. Rhode Island, July 12, 1869, in a trot at Buffalo, won the third and fourth heats; Goldsmith Maid taking the first, second and fifth, Silas Rich, American Girl, Panic and Clara also trotting. Time, 2:24½; 2:24¾; 2:26; 2:26; 2:26¾. 2. O'Baldwin's term of imprisonment expires in April. He fought George Ilea, Alexander Gordon, and Joe Wormald.

WILLIAMS, Chicago.—Your question is not very explicitly put, but we will answer it as we understand it. The vote in this state, in 1870, for the Democratic candidates was—Governor, 360,357; Lieutenant-Governor, 360,057; Controller, 359,106; Canal Commissioners, 360,468 and 360,250, and State Prison Inspector, 308,759. Republican—in the same order, 366,426; 366,158; 366,385; 366,102; 366,586 and 367,984. By casting up these figures it will be discovered that the average majority (which we presume you mean) was 28,270 for the Democratic party. The individual majorities you can get at yourself by deducting one from the other in the order given.

J. W. K., Atlanta, Ga.—You are right in your decision after a more thorough research, that G. M. Kelly, the champion leaper, accomplished the feat of throwing a somersault from the spring board over seventeen horses, while with John Robinson's show at Corinth, Miss., on Aug. 24th, 1868, which was certified to by J. F. and G. N. Robinson, William Ashton and others. It is to be presumed that your friend, being a square man, will make matters straight now that the record is shown.

STAGECRAFT.—To become a lawyer you had better place yourself under the tuition of some competent practitioner. "Criminal, Civil Justice" is the title of a useful book to commence on, but to become thoroughly versed, Blackstone, Coke, and various other books, are too numerous to mention, must be pondered over and thoroughly digested.

NEW SCALES, Cambria City, Pa.—1. None that can properly be so termed. Coburn was presented with a belt after his battle with McCoole, and prior to his departure for Ireland, when first matched with Mace. 2. Dan Donnelly fought three times, his opponents being Hall, Oliver and Cooper. 3. They could not agree upon a referee. 4. Mace has a wife and children.

BOSTON BOY.—France, or Gaul, was first conquered by the Romans under Julius Cæsar, and subsequently by the English under Edward III and Henry V; and her forces have frequently been beaten by those of other countries, and large tracts of the country, towns and fortresses been occupied by victorious enemies.

F. W. T., Brooklyn.—1. It depends materially on what your occupation, or calling may be. Kaskaskia, having a population of 2,384, is a prosperous little place, and therefore would seem to offer the greater inducements. 2. Can't say; but you can find out for yourself by applying to the society.

G. J., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—According to the English imperial scale of weights and measures, fourteen pounds make a stone, but, according to local usage, sometimes five pounds and sometimes eight pounds make a stone. If the bet was that G. J. could show in print that eight pounds made a stone G. J. won.

CARNE E.—At cribbage, the cards being played in the following order:—8, 7, 6, 8, the player of the six is entitled to three for a sequence; so is the player of the last eight. A five or a nine would also have counted in, in place of the last eight, making a sequence of four.

E. R.—He has resided in the vicinity of New York. 2. Miss Lydia Thompson was born in London, Eng., and made her first appearance on any stage at the Haymarket Theatre, in that city, in 1854, as Silverhair, in the pantomime called "Harlequin and the Three Bears."

MANCHESTER JACK, Bridgeport.—1. Dalby won the Chester Cup two years in succession—in 1865 and 1866. 2. No record. 3. Blair Athol won the Derby, and St. Leger; Gladiateur, West Australian and Lord Lyons each won the 2,000 guineas, Derby and St. Leger. Blair Athol did not run for the 2,000 guineas.

A CONSTANT READER.—No, he should have played a trump; unless that he held Jack, ace, and the five spot on the pack, in which case he could revoke all three. But you don't say if you were playing "rob" ace, "rob" king game. Our answer is supposing it to be "rob" ace.

G. S. S., Albany, N. Y.—Precise measurement cannot be given, since, like other animals, they vary in size and height, according to breed, clime, etc. The average height, however, is about thirty inches.

A. B., Albany, N. Y.—1. Besides the United States license, there are county and city licenses, which vary in the different towns. 2. You may possibly find what you want at Clarry and Reilly's, 13 Spruce street; or Torrey's, nearly opposite.

CENTRALIA, Ill.—1. There is no actress in New York city of the name you mention. 2. The Worrell Sisters have not retired from the stage. You will see their whereabouts in our dramatic summary.

F. L. D., Millbury.—1. The Tipton Slasher's real name was 'Bill Perry. 2. Jem. Kelly beat Smith and was beaten by Price and Kerrigan. 3. Dan. Collins beat Baker and Daly, was beaten by Sayers and Donnelly and fought draws with the latter and Baker.

E. D. T., Chilicothe.—It must give A a sight for his $5, if that is all the money the latter has. If, however, A has more money, he must put up all he possesses, and then demand a sight; the best hand taking the pot.

J. K. O., Putnam.—1. The fastest running time ever made at Cincinnati, mile heats, was by Herrog—1:43½. 2. There was no running meeting there last fall. 3. Another yet to be tested. Some think Longfellow, others Kingfisher. 4. Episcopalian.

CARAVOAN, Philad'a.—We have no record of the actual seating capacity of the house, but on the opening night nearly 1,800 persons, in all, were present, the amount of money taken in on that occasion being $731, at 25, 50 and 75 cents admission.

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P

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Amateur.

Continued from Page 375.

...ienfield's Roland Forester was a failure. Mr. R. is a good German actor, for an amateur, but should on no account take leading parts in an English drama. Miss Julia Titiebsum as Telia Doe and Miss J. S. Steinheimer as Edith Forester were very fair. Mrs. J. Seiberman and Messrs. J. Steinheimer and M. B. Elsman were all good in their minor parts. The evening's entertainment concluded with the farce, in one act, of 'Don't Forget Your Opera Glass,' which was played by Messrs. A. Haas, M. B. Elsman and D. Rosenberg, and the Misses Titiebaum and Sieberman.

THE BATAVIA, Illinois, Dramatic Club were to have given a performance of the "Irish Emigrant" and "A Drop too Much," on Feb. 16th, for the benefit of the Batavia Lodge of Good Templars. Mr. J. R. Lowry was to sing "The Orphan Emigrant." Admission 50 cents, which entitled each patron to an oyster supper free. Now, suppose a free oyster supper was given at *our* theatre.

AN AMATEUR dramatic entertainment took place at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Tuesday, Feb. 14th, for the benefit of the Church of the Evangelists. The drama performed was "Caste," with the farce of "Betsy Baker." The performers included Mrs. St. George, Miss Thompson, Miss Sturtevandt, Miss Hoffy and Miss Valentine, together with Messrs. Torrey, Stanley, Bamburgh, Pope, Tremaine and Butler. Both pieces went off well. Miss Sturtevandt as Esther was very good, especially in the second act (the parting between her and D'Alroy), when she evinced emotion such as would have done credit to a professional. Miss Valentine as Polly was also good; she spoke her lines perhaps a little too quickly. Miss Hoffy as the Marchioness looked the part well. Messrs. Bamburgh, Stanley and Torrey, as D'Alroy, Hawtree and Eccles, were capital. The farce of "Betsy Baker" was well performed, especially Mrs. St. George's Betsy, who not only succeeded in captivating Mouser, but the whole audience.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

OUR ADVICES FROM LONDON, ENG., are up to Feb. 5th, from which we glean the fresh items of news concerning amusements in general, both in the metropolis and the provinces. At the Haymarket, Mr. Sothern is underlined to appear on May 1st. ....At the St. James', an entire change of bill occurred on Feb. 4th, when the following programme was presented:—"Naval Engagements," in which Miss Larkin and Mr. William Farren re-appeared; "Jenny Lind," with Mrs. John Wood, and an "Unhappy Pair." On Feb. 9th, a grand historical drama, by H. B. Farnie, the music by Frank Musgrave, entitled "Vesta," was announced for production, with the following cast:—Mrs. John Wood, the Misses H. Everard, Lillian Adair, Alice Baurier, Marian Inch, Sallie Turner, Bessie Mori; Messrs. Harry Cox, Queen, Murray, John Barrier, Fred. Mervin, Dan Leeson, Lionel Brough, Geo. Yarnold, Geo. Granger, Charles Oxley, Julian Crosse, George Hunt and A. W. Young.....At the Adelphi, the last six nights of the "Mistletoe Bough" were announced to commence Feb. 6th. "Deadman's Point" was produced on Feb. 4th. Of its success we cannot yet speak. ....At the Strand, "Living at Ease" was announced to be withdrawn after the performance of Feb. 8th; on the 9th, "Who Speaks First?" and a new original comedy, in three acts, by Arthur Stekehley, entitled "Living at Ease," were announced to precede the burlesque..... At the Theatre Royal, Charing Cross, M'lle Dejazet, and a company of French comedians, were to commence a short season on Feb. 11th.....At the Holborn, it was announced that on and after Feb. 6th all fees at that theatre were to be abolished.....At Sadler's Wells, Miss Marriott was to play in "Pizarro." "Fazio," "School for Scandal," and "Jeanie Deans," during the week ending Feb. 11th. No change had occurred at any of the other theatres.

MESSRS. MONTAGUE, JAMES AND THORNE'S Vaudeville Comedy Company's tour of James Albery's "Two R-ses" was announced to commence at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Glasgow, Scotland, on Feb. 11th, and remain thirteen nights.

RICHARD YOUNGE'S COMEDY COMPANY were to appear in Bath for three nights, commencing Feb. 6th.

HENRY LORAINE commenced an engagement in Birkenhead, Eng., on Jan. 30th.

THE PAVILION THEATRE, Burnley, Eng., closed for the season on Jan. 28th.

MISS HEATH AND WILSON BARRETT were playing in Dundee, Scotland, during the week ending Feb. 4th, in a new drama entitled "Spell Bound."

MR. CHARLES DILLON commenced an engagement at the Oxford Amphitheatre, Kidderminster, Eng., on Saturday, Jan. 28th, but the diorama of Messrs. Nash and Waite spoilt his house. On Monday the Catholic *soirée* was equally disastrous to him, and on Tuesday a political meeting completed his discomfiture. On Monday, although his great part, Belphegor, was announced, there was literally no house and so he did not perform.

J. HOLMES GROVER commenced an engagement in Liverpool, Eng., at the Theatre Royal, which was re-opened during the week ending Feb. 4th (precise date not given) in a play entitled "The Way of the Wicked."

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Lynn, Eng., was opened for the season by J. F. Young, lessee, on Jan. 25th.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS and a dramatic company commenced a brief season at the Theatre Royal, Macclesfield, Eng., on Jan. 30th.

AT MANY OF THE PROVINCIAL THEATRES the holiday entertainments were still continued, though it was apparent that they would be speedily withdrawn.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN, while playing at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, suddenly disappeared on the evening of Nov. 23d last, although announced to play. He had previously sent the following note to the manager:—

"MY DEAR ROBERTS.—The work and heavy task of getting your theatre has proper shape has brought me down that in fact I have neither voice nor strength. Our engagement was only daily, and I owe it to my wife and self to stop. I am going up to the Murray Come to us and we will explain. Yours, etc.,

"DANIEL E. BANDMANN."

The theatre was closed, and the manager shortly after made a long statement of his grievances, throwing the entire blame upon Mr. Bandmann, which statement was extensively copied in the principal Australian papers. Mr. Bandmann, who had departed for Sydney, immediately wrote a reply, in which he denounced the statements made by Manager Roberts as utterly false, and charged him with not fulfilling his promises, made at the time the engagement was closed; also his pecuniary inability even to carry on the theatre. It would appear from Mr. Bandmann's statement that he furnished considerable money to keep the theatre open, and it was the refusal and inability of Mr. Roberts to repay a certain sum loaned that led to his refusal to play, timely notice of such course having been given Mr. Roberts.

MISS MARY GLADSTANE was playing on Dec. 6th in Newcastle, Australia, in "Marie Stuart;" for the 7th "Mary Warner" was announced. Her performances were highly commended.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE NEW STADT THEATRE, about to be erected in Vienna, is as follows:—The new theatre is to give performances of tragedy, of the classic drama and of comedy; the auditorium will contain, it is estimated, 1,800 persons. The capital is to consist of thirty shares of 25,000 florins each, and of thirty lesser shares of 5,000 florins each. The Vienna Building Society guarantees to finish the theatre in time for the performances to begin on the 15th of October of this year; the direction of the theatre is for the first five years entrusted to Dr. Heinrich Laube, who will manage it on behalf of the company.

THE THEATRE OF ST. QUENTIN, Paris, France, presents just now, if one may associate the terms, a horrible and interesting sight. The stage is littered with bloody mattresses. In the pit, where the well-to-do artisan had once taken his wife and family, the lover his sweetheart, the groans of the wounded, the uplifting of the hand, the writhing of the covered form, tell of the anguish which lies all around. The private boxes, instead of being tenanted by the fashionable dames of the locality, are now inhabited by soldiers of the Republic, minus leg or arm; and the dress circle, that ring of demarcation between those who are *causing it fun* and those who are doubtful, is full to the brim of wounded men.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., which was read on Feb. 2d, the proprietors having assembled in the saloon, stated that the total receipts, including the balance of £2,467, have been £10,880, and the payments, including the sum of £1,722 to the Duke of Bedford for rent, and £2,550 to the trustees of the renters, had amounted to £8,346, leaving a balance of £2,534. The receipts comprised the sum of £5,460, received from the lessee. Mr. Marsh Nelson, the architect, in his report, stated that, with the exception of some general repairs, the theatre was in a satisfactory condition. The chairman, in reply to a question, said the building, owing to the large premium required, was not insured, the committee not having sufficient funds at their disposal for that purpose. Every precaution, however, was taken against fire. An efficient staff of firemen was kept, and there was telegraphic communication between the theatre and the brigade stations.

ROBERT SCOTT, who had been traveling on the continent of Europe for some years as clown, died in Hamburg, Germany, Jan. 28th, aged 36 years. He entered the profession as an apprentice to the Ethiair Family.

FREDERICK ROBERT HERBERT, a juvenile pantomime actor, who was engaged to play the frog in the pantomime at the Covent Garden Theatre, met an accidental death by being struck over the head with a stick in the hands of another boy, in a room underneath the stage, on the night of Jan. 10th, from which injury he died sometime after. At a coroner's inquest it was shown that the injury was purely accidental.

MRS. LAFFAR, wife of William Laffar, clown at the Theatre Royal, Leicester, Eng., died there Jan. 28th. She was formerly a box keeper in that theatre.

MISS LOUISE LAIDLAW (Mrs. George Weston), a young actress, died in London, Eng., Jan. 26th, aged 23 years. Her remains were buried in Finchley Cemetery on Feb. 1st.

AT A JEWISH THEATRE recently opened at Warsaw, the first performance was an adaptation of the Biblical story of "Judith."

Musical.

THERE HAS BEEN NO CHANGE at the Italian opera *buffa* at the Lyceum Theatre; "L'Elisir d'Amour," "L'Italiana in Algeri," and "Ali Baba" have alternately been performed. The success of the latter is pronounced, and many performances of it were to have been given. "Il Matrimonio Segriato" was in rehearsal.

THE PRESENT SERIES of London Ballad Concerts was about to close, the last but one having been given on Feb. 1st at St. James' Hall. The artists were Madame Sherrington, Miss Wynne, Madame Patey, Mlle. Enrique and Mr. Santley. Mr. Sims Reeves was prevented by "severe hoarseness" from appearing, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, who had been engaged to sing in his place, was likewise prevented by "indisposition" from attending. These tenors seem to be an "indisposed" party.

MR. MAPLESON, it is said, has made arrangements for the opening of Drury Lane for Italian opera, and that Michael Costa will be the conductor.

A NEW OPERETTA, entitled "A Friar of Orders Grey," the libretto by Edward Legge and the music by William Mason, was announced for production at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, Eng.

MRS. ELLEN CROSSMAN, the mother of Harriet Crossman, professor of the piano and singing, died Jan. 28th—London, Eng.

MISS HELEN KIRK died Jan. 30th, in Glasgow, Scotland. She was an excellent ballad singer and a pupil of Mr. Lambelle. She made her *debut* at the Saturday evening concerts in 1861, and soon achieved an enviable position on the lyric stage.

THE BRITISH OPERATIC ASSOCIATION, under the direction of H. C. Cooper, were still giving opera in Cork, Ireland.

HENRY HAIGH'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE were performing in Huddersfield, Eng.

HENRY CORRI'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE commenced a season of nine nights at Doncaster, Eng., on Feb. 2d.

Variety Halls.

AT THE LONDON, ENG., MUSIC HALLS, the business is reported fair. Some few changes have occurred, but as a general thing the holiday programmes are still adhered to. At the Alhambra, the promenade concerts still continue, and a new vocalist, in the person of M'me Guymar, had appeared. She is said to have a soprano voice of great power, and her vocalization was received with loud and prolonged applause .... At the Sun, Henri Clark, George Leybourne, J. Hillier, Kate Bells, Nellie Moon and the Leoni Brothers, were among the chief attractions..... At the Canterbury, the prominent features were the sisters Lindon, a band of Irish Minstrels, under the direction of Pat Corri, Don Ferreys, the man flute, and a Watteau ballet..... At the Cambridge, the Sisters Tudor, song and dance, and clog performers; Ada Hermine, vocalist, and Ada Louise, said to be "without a rival on the music hall stage as a fluent, familiar and facetious speaker," have been the principal features..... The accident reported as having occurred at the Raglan Music Hall, took place at the Adelphi, Oldham, and the gymnasts were announced as the Brothers Banvard. American gymnasts. The injured man, being examined, was found to have one arm broken, three of the fingers of the left hand were smashed, and one of his ankles was sprained.

AT FULLAM'S MUSIC HALL, Bradford, Eng., the fresh attractions that appeared on Jan. 30th were the Sisters Nathalie, Leontine and Blanche, French gymnasts, and Ethel Galton, character vocalist; Harry Rickards, comic vocalist, and Edgar Stanley, a baritone, are well spoken of.

IN LIVERPOOL, ENG., the attractions at the various music halls for the week ending Feb. 4th may be summarized as follows:—At the New Star, the selection of Irish music, as rendered by Messrs. Saunders and Busfield, Mrs. D. Saunders and Miss Roe, has been favorably received. In the comic department, Mr. Fred. Laroche is clever. As a serio comic, Miss Marie Conlson made a favorable first appearance, as did Miss Agnes Clayton, soprano. The lovers of Terpsichore greet Mdlle. Esther Austin and her clever ballet troupe in their new ballet divertissement, "Prince and Beauty." The negro element is represented by Mr. Will Parker.....At the Rotunda, is reported the continued success of the pantomime of "Whittington and his Cat."..... At the Alhambra, the principal features to record is the re-appearance of Peter Aiken, comic, and Pietro Athos, gymnast, and a first appearance from Miss Carrie Harris, soprano and ballad vocalist.....At the Parthenon, Sidney Orion and Le Petite Mathilde have made a first appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Will Cruikshank, negro comic, were also well received. P. Belton, comic and dancer, Teddy Boyle, Irish comic, were well received..... At the Oxford, Cambridge and Casino, the new engagements for the week have been Joey and Annie Cooper, comics; Dan Collins, Irish comic; Mr. W. Young and Mirian Coopers, sentimental vocalists.

THE TYROLEANS to have been little or no change in the various provincial halls.

ARTHUR LLOYD and his concert troupe were announced to perform in Cambridge, Eng., Feb. 6th and 7th; Hustingdon, 8th; Kettering, 9th, and Loughboro, 10th and 11th.

HARRY CLIFTON and troupe performed in Wellingboro, Eng., on Jan. 31st.

VANCE and his company performed in Doncaster, Eng., Jan. 27th and 28th.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON, late proprietor of the Oxford Music Hall, Middlesboro, Eng., died on Jan. 26th, at Saltbea, Eng.

Negro Minstrelsy.

SAM HAGUE'S SLAVE TROUPE is reported as doing an excellent business at St. James' Hall, London, Eng.

THE MATTHEWS C. C. C. CHRISTY MINSTRELS performed in Derby, Eng., on Jan. 25th and 30th.

Circuses.

AT THE ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, Holborn, London, Eng., Lulu, the "Eighth Wonder of the World," was announced to commence an engagement on Feb. 6th. Beside the triple somersault from a high bar into a net beneath, referred to in our past issue, she is said to perform the seemingly impossible feat of leaping in the air perpendicularly twenty-five feet. Standing upon the floor, she, at a bound, reaches a platform suspended in mid-air, at the height above referred to. ....At Batty's Model Circus, Belfast, the Brothers Alexander, acrobats, appeared on Jan. 30th, and Fraulein Laura, performer on the lofty wire, appeared on the 31st..... McCollum's Circus was announced to remain but six nights longer in Exeter, Eng.....Mons. Boswell, globe walker, was the fresh attraction at Allen's Circus, in Stockton-on-Tees, Eng. ....At the other circuses a series of benefits have been given, which looks as if the season was about to close.

Miscellaneous.

MISS GRACE EGERTON and Mr. George Case were announced to give their entertainment in Richmond, Eng., Feb. 6th; Thirsk, 7th; Pocklington, 8th; Beverley, 9th; Wakefield, 10th, and Bradford, 11th.

SLAUGHTER OF ELEPHANTS IN PARIS.—The following is an account of the death of Castor and Pollux, the two elephants of the Jardin des Plantes:—Pollux fell under the ball of M. Devisme, the carbine with which he was shot is of the calibre of 33 millimetres, and weighs six kilogrammes. He received an explosive ball 15 centimes in length, in shape a cylinder terminating in a cone, tipped with a steel point, in which the capsule was placed. This formidable ball contained 80 grammes of fine powder, and weighed, when charged, 280 grammes; the charge of the gun was eight grammes of powder; the shot was fired at 10 metres, and, entering in behind the right shoulder, burst against the first rib and exploded inside. After this terrible discharge the elephant remained standing, and moved, without, however, trying to burst his bonds; it was only after some minutes that the internal hemorrhage caused by the explosion smothered the animal. Then he fell, but his agonies were protracted, and four large buckets were filled with his blood before he ceased to show signs of life. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, director of the Jardin d'Acclimatisation, M. Milne Edwards, M. Bouchet, a noted hunter, and several naturalists were present at this interesting execution. On the next day Castor was killed, and M. Devisme was present, but M. Milne Edwards, Jr., cleverly killed the elephant. He used a double-barreled hunting carbine, and conical balls tipped with steel. The animal was strongly bound by a leather rope. The first ball struck him in the right temple, when he uttered a plaintive cry and fell on his knees. He was then raised, and a second ball entered the centre of his forehead. He fell a second time on his knees, and fell on his right flank, as if stricken by a thunderbolt. His trunk moved slightly, but his eyes closed in an instant—he was dead. The hide of each elephant was sold for 4,000f. The elephants were but six years old.

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Consisting of LITTLE LOUIE,
nine years of age, the most versatile comedienne, vocalist, j'g and clog dancer, E flat cornet player and banjoist in the world.
LITTLE ALICE,
aged eleven, the charming dramatic artiste, vocalist, danseuse and flo horn player.
LITTLE CLARA,
aged seven, character actress, vocalist, danseuse, B flat cornet player and banjoist.
These accomplished children have won the admiration and support of the very best class of people wherever they have performed, while their representations have been fully endorsed by the clergy, press and public.
They close a brilliant two weeks' engagement at
WOOD'S MUSEUM,
on the 18th inst., after which they can be engaged for star engagements at first class theatres only, for their appearance in their specialties, by addressing 47-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

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THE CELEBRATED WALHALLA TROUPE.—This first class party can be secured for the following acts, by circus managers, for the tenting season:—
1. LES GRAND JEUX ICARIEN.
2. LES 4 RAPIDES.
3. LITTLE BO-PEEP'S WONDERFUL GLOBE PERFORMANCE.
4. YOUNG JOSEF, THE FLEXIBLE CONTORTIONIST.
5. YOUNG MAXIMILLIANO'S SPECTACULAR PYRAMID

IN CONFIDENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I trust that my genuie readers
Will never, never state whence
They obtained the information
I give them in confidence.

Of my hero and and my heroine
I will state two certain facts—
He bounded in a dry goods store,
And she trimmed ladies' hats.

No matter where they resided,
Philadelphia or New York.
For the matter of that they might have lived
In London or in Cork.

Never mind whether my hero
Was tall, or if he was short,
It has nothing to do with my story
And it concerns you not.

And I need not tell you whether
She was thirty or sixteen,
For to be communicative in such
A matter is very mean.

It is not important I give you
Their names—and so I guess,
Lest you should know as much as I do,
You had better a little less.

In the matter of hair I do not
Intend to say anything rash;
Never mind whether she wore a chignon,
Or if he grew a mousache.

I do not intend to mention
Whether she was slim or stout,
These unimportant particulars
You will have to do without.

And also whether my heroine,
In the early days of her youth,
Used to tell her widowed mother
The wildest fibs, or the truth.

Or whether she read the *Ledger*;
Or, if she did, how she liked the job—
Or what was her private opinion
Of Mister Sylvanus Cobb.

If so exceedingly inquisitive
My readers are going to be,
They'll have to learn the particulars
From somebody else than me!

J. H. B.

MY FIRST FARCE.

It was at a little London theatre that this first farce of mine, not the first that I had written, by any means, but the first produced, came out. Not a minor theatre, nor yet a leading theatre, but a theatre betiwxt and between. The locality is not necessary to be specified, further than to state that it was not at the *east* end. East or west, it mattered little to my enthusiasm where my farce saw the footlights.

Of all victims to the scribbling manis, none are more deserving of commiseration than dramatic aspirants. In numbers, I should imagine, they are not far short of the crowds who make daily onslaughts on the magazines. In other respects, the prospects of the two classes are widely different. The reason of this dissimilarity is to be found solely in the different modes of conducting business adopted by publishers and managers. If you write a letter to an editor, you (sometimes) get an answer; if you write to a manager, you get none. These latter gentlemen appear to be unconscious of committing any discourtesy in this systematic neglect of epistolary communications. If you send a manuscript to a publisher or editor, and it does not suit his requirements, his decision is communicated to you, if only by the return of your manuscript. You are *not* compelled to haunt the publisher's side door for months together, wearing out your shoe leather, your time and your patience. If your work is worth publication, you become cognisant thereof by its appearance in print, no matter whether your name be Brown, Jones, or Robinson; whether you be known or unknown. No time is frittered away in the transaction. The editor clears off each day's work as it arises, the manager permits his to accumulate. That is the difference between managers and editors.

Having placed this, I venture to think, not unreasonable grievance upon record, I will proceed to the narration of my own experiences.

Though an enthusiastic amateur, I was without friends or connections of any kind in the theatrical profession; journalists of the daily press I was equally unacquainted with; so that it will be seen that my farce stood upon its own legs, or, rather, upon the legs of the gentleman performing the leading character, whom we will call Swiggins. Swiggins was the character's name, not the gentleman's. It was a London street character; one of those venders of chemical mixtures of their own manufacture, who take their stand by the curbs and hold forth till they assemble a crowd around them. They profess to sell for a penny invaluable preparations which will eradicate your corns, cure your toothache, take out stains from your clothes or linen, and do other things too numerous to mention. Their volubility is something astonishing. I had been so amused by listening to these "patterers" that I determined to put one of them in to a farce. The man whom I selected had announced himself as the discoverer of a magic paste for sharpening razors; a paste so wonderful in its efficacy that any razor subjected to contact with it must inevitably become a very dangerous razor indeed. Apart from the cheap Jack eloquence in which he developed them, the man and the suggestion formed the nucleus of a plot. I constructed a short farce upon these modest lines, and sent the little manuscript to the Royal So-and-so Theatre.

I have experienced many pleasurable emotions, but the most pleasurable was certainly that produced by the managerial note which informed me of the acceptation of my first farce. I treasure that note to this day. It is small, almost illegible; a mere scrap, giving one the impression that paper was scarce in the establishment when the hand-so. It announces, in due theatrical parlance, that my piece would "positively be produced" on such and such a date. How many times I ogled those words, and read them over and over again, I am ashamed to say. "Positively be produced!" Beautiful words! Magic words! Words that kindled hope, joy and anticipation. Do not imagine, however, that I had escaped the usual vicissitudes. If I had made one journey about that farce, I had made twenty. I had waited about, I had called, I had written, I had received no replies. I had endured every possible mortification which theatrical managers have deemed it proper to inflict upon dramatic authors, from the days of Tobin downwards. This sort of thing was not new to me. Previously, at other theatres, I had, in connection with other farces, waited about, and called, and written and received no replies; so that, in a manner, I was used to it. But the receipt of the present note dissipated all painful reminiscences of that nature. I walked the streets an inch taller. I even imagined that every one who met me could see "Dramatic Author" written somewhere about me, and I was proud of the distinction. To feel one's self a member, be it only the humblest, of that brotherhood of which Shakespeare was the head, appeared to me the highest of human honors. You may smile, reader, but remember that I was young; it was my first taste, though only a sip, of the lame which is so dear to the literary worker. Then there is an intensity about first experiences, whether agreeable or otherwise, which we miss in after life. One's first love first cigar, first oyster, first kiss, print themselves indelibly on the memory. I can guarantee that one's first farce does. Indeed, so exultant was I at my good fortune that I muttered at most incongruous times the words which had wrought such an effect upon me. They haunted me in my dreams; awake, they sounded in my ears; and people wondered why I replied in answer to questions on all subjects:—"Will positively be produced!"

Heavily dragged along the time till the date specified as the first night of my first farce. The hours seemed to go by on wooden feet. Time may pass too quickly for many individuals; for criminals awaiting the execution of the law; for gentlemen with a little bill coming due; for city people of all classes, conditions and solvency. But if you are curious to know how very slow time can be, you had better write a farce and look forward to its production.

Not the least vexing part of the affair is the unruffled placidity of every one concerned but yourself. I had heard anecdotes of dramatic authors reading pieces to green-room audiences without eliciting the faintest expression of interest. Instead of brilliant wit, melting pathos, or screaming jokes, they might have been works on algebra or the differential calculus which the jaded listeners had been attending to, for all the enthusiasm displayed by them. Yet the fact is easily explained. What is to you the realization of a cherished ambition, is to your hearers an everyday matter of business. Fortunately for myself, perhaps, I escaped all unpleasantness. I was not required to read my piece to the company. No low comedian quarrelled with me for not having enough, or for somebody else having too much, to say; no actress pouted because of my refusal to write up her part without reference to the plot. I was not even invited to rehearsal. Perhaps the manager had had enough of me already.

At last it came—the first night! I won't say that I was in a fever; but I was in something very much like it, as I went behind the scenes at the So-and-so. Everything was in apparent confusion; carpenters and scene shifters hurrying to and fro, busy as bees; over all, the stage manager; not the pleasant, chatty gentleman of a few days before, but grim and overbearing, after the manner of stage managers in general when on duty. Retreating to the gentlemen's dressing room, I found things quieter. All the characters were dressed for their parts—*my* characters! Yes; there was the heavy father whom I had created in imagination, standing before me *in propria personæ;* there, in uniform, was my dashing lieutenant of dragoons; there, too, was my cunning lawyer; and there, greatest of all, was—Swiggins. His makeup was artistic in the extreme; he looked as dirty and disreputable as heart could desire. I should have liked to have paid a visit to my ladies also, if propriety had not forbidden such a proceeding. But all my gentlemen were before me. They were joking and laughing among themselves on perfectly irrelevant subjects, as if there was no such thing as a beating author's heart in existence (and how it did beat, to be sure)! Presently to us entered the manager, who shook me warmly by the hand, and was re-assuring at such a moment to be "my boy's" by such an awful functionary. My countenance probably expressed the nervous apprehension which I felt, and his friendly slaps on the back were intended to encourage me. Even the low comedian himself was condescending enough to joke me; when, on a sudden, mess-enger shouted outside the door:—"Swiggins ready, sir!" Thereupon we all descended to the stage, meeting in our progress two young ladies engaged in the piece, who had been "called" simultaneously with ourselves. If I had been abashed before my actors, I was still more overpowered at the appearance of my actresses—beautiful young creatures, who were about to give life and soul to *my* characters. But there was little time for any sentiment of that sort. After a hasty introduction, I was handed over to an official, with the order:—"G box, Mr. Jones." Into G box, therefore—a little closely curtained den, overlooking the stage—I was forthwith inducted. The prompter's bell tinkled, the music ceased, the curtain rose.

The delight of that brief hour was something to be remembered in after years. There were, certainly, all the materials for happiness. There was the irritation of hope; there was the placid satisfaction of hearing one's own thoughts uttered and applauded in public; and there was the pleasure of witnessing the pleasure of others, which you were conscious of being the main agent in imparting—for what would those clever people on the stage do if they had no words to say?

I can safely say that I knew that farce by heart. If they had put me at the wings to prompt, I could have done so without the slightest reference to the manuscript. At one period, when one of my ladies forgot her part for a moment only, I perspired profusely, and was within an ace of giving her the word from where I sat. Fortunately she recollected it without my assistance. With that single exception the piece "went" as smoothly as could be desired. No one spoiled a joke by not waiting till the laugh raised by its predecessor had ceased—a common and most reprehensible fault with indifferent performers. As for my low comedian, he was simply delicious. He reproduced the street patterer to the life—manner, tone, volubility, patches, tea tray, everything. You would have thought him to be a real specimen of the tribe, who had been induced by the promise of a pot of beer to give a specimen of his abilities. The "points" had given him—they were few enough, in all conscience, but I did my best—were brought out by him distinctly. His abject terror when threatened by my lieutenant of dragoons; his interview with my staid solicitor, whose hairs he pinched out one by one, for the purpose of demonstrating the sharpness of a magic razor; his amatory advances to all the females of the piece, without distinction—all elicited hearty laughter from the audience. Exactly three quarters of an hour from the tinkle of the prompter's bell the curtain descended upon the scene, and "Swiggins" was a success.

Since that joyous occasion I have written other farces, but I did my best—were brought out by him distinctly. His abject terror when threatened by my lieutenant of dragoons; his interview with my staid solicitor, whose hairs he pinched out one by one, for the purpose of demonstrating the sharpness of a magic razor; his amatory advances to all the females of the piece, without distinction—all elicited hearty laughter from the audience. Exactly three quarters of an hour from the tinkle of the prompter's bell the curtain descended upon the scene, and "Swiggins" was a success.

Since that joyous occasion I have written other farces, but my old affection for the stage continues. If I have made strictures on those gentlemen who conduct its business operations, they themselves know that justification is not wanting. The reason why I have not dwelt more on that part of my subject is the very sufficient one that, of all bores, there is no greater bore than a man with a grievance. Otherwise I could find plenty to talk about. Because adaptations are successful, and cheap, that is no reason why original thinkers should not have a chance—why the possible beauties of an English work should be ignored merely because it is English. As regards the disinclination to read pieces from unknown writers, it is sufficient to observe that every known writer must at some time or other have been unknown. A little more patience, a little more consideration, and, let me add, a little more method on the part of theatrical managers, and there would be more writers to rejoice with me over the pleasure of a first farce.—*Chambers' Journal.*

DISSIBATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY MARK QUENCHER.

I dink dot der didle of dis bieces vill ad once addract addendion, und I hobe dot der dissibaders who see dis vill bonder deirselfs as dey read. In der first blace, dis dissibadion is a fery bobular berformance choosed now, id seems do been one of der necessities of life do drink, und bused, und dissibade und raise der doose chenerally, in order do been considered anypody vhoefer. A young feller don'd gonsider himself finished undil he has gone droo dis brebaration, und many a boor young feller *is* finished before dot he gets half droo!

Vat is der reason of all dis? I gif id ub und voond addembd do rebly, oxcebd do say dot I bleef it is a nadural feeling in most men do been sociable und cholly, und some men—having more of dis feelings dan of gommon sense—go in doo shdrong, und inshead of being comfordably cholly dey only succeed in being oxdremely uncomfordable: for no feller vad knows dem ropes will say dere is any bleasure in dakin' too much. I remember vonce I "drop der milk," und I know dot comford shibs avay ven der head begins do wobble und der legs do shkade.

Of dose beeble cood only been sensible dey cood hafe a bully dime, und been as habby as der day is long, *mid nod vishing do been as habby as der year is long—all in one day!*

Do gif you a shlight idea of der bleasures of der height of dissibadion I vill relade my experiences vich I has tened vonce ven I vend mit a barty of young bucks do hafe a "high oft dimes." Ve strad goaxed inside a blie of drinks do shdard mid. Den we sed oud in a vaggon, reshoffing do shdop ad efery ligger warerooms ve med, in order do insure id dot ve shall hafe dot good "high oft dimes." Ad first dot vas easy enuff, bud after a shmall vile dot vas a nice job. We coodened shdob dot foolish horse right in vront of a shdore do make ourselluh cadch our necks. Ve always landed hum a cubble of few houses on eider side, und somedimes ve varied der monodony py drifing his schnood up in der door, und vood visk do die him do der door knop, bud der brobrieder alvays ogscused us dot ve cood do do!.

Der gidding in und oud soon bresended exfraordinary difficulties, und ad lasd ve coodend god der shdep of der vaggon lo enough for us do glimb in, und ve vas forced do cadch each odder by der legs und hoood ourselluh in. As for der chumping oud, dot soon becomed dangerous on account der sidevalk didn'd vaid as long as usual dill we douched id, bud shdarded ub do meed us so soon as ve chumped from der vaggon.

After a vile it vas a fisical impossibleness do chumb oud any more; so as der infisible green shades of night vas being bulled down ve dridded around for home. Ve singed und howled a good deal, und I ad lasd ve became involved in a shcheby fight und sinked on der dop of der boddom of der vaggon. After bound a bard of a hour ve missed one of our fellers; ve coodend find him on account he had schbilled oud der vaggon. So ve durned round, und, after a figorous search, ve found der object of our anxiedude in der middle of der road, on der boddom of his tack, singing in a combaradily chofial manner, "What are dose vild vafes saying aboud id." Ve coodend answer dot, so ve god him in, ven he oggclaimed: "So, I vas shbilled oud of der vaggon, is id? Vel, der! *I dought id vas going kind of schlow!*"

Ve rode back, und der horse being indebended, vood go himself his own vay, und ve soon had der sadisfaction do been successfully running indo by a enchine, und vas dumbled into der gudmudder mid much precision und exactness. Der next from dot gudder do our respecdid houses vas a hisdory vond vonderful dend. I cand remember me der first.

I vas in a bed for a cubble of vaeks, bud my doo eyes gombined inoo von, und my head feeling like a don of goal being dumted down a cellar; und dot vas galled a "high oft dimes!" Oggscuse me of dot, if you blease, from some more "high oft dimes;" if I mused drink, I'd raeder dook me a cubble of quards of lager mid my old voman, ven all de childs are safe on der bed, und drink id dogedder as ve calk of der oft dimes. Dots "high oft dimes" enough for me now, I baed you! Der vorst side of der gase is dot young fellers god oggsdremely broud of dey been drunk; und if dey had der good fortune do roll in der gudmuddle dey vas a hero! und id is a fery nice ding, indeed, do hafe a black eye or a nose, so do been aple do say, mid gaieeisness, ven a feller asks vad is der madder, is:—"Oh! I vas on a hell of a chambaree der oder night, und I failed in a cellar. I vas so drunk I coodend dell me difference bedween a second hand refoller und a right day gook!" Und der nexdday you see a gread many of some of dose young roosders is do been dook ub mid a bolleeman on account of a drunk. Also id is quide effectif among young ladies do been known as a oggsdremely awful drunken young beebles, who is quide beyond some gures. Ven a young berson dinks like dot, his gase is boody bad. You must shdop id, young feller, rigdid vay. Hold up your horses, up! Shdud down a liddle. Dook id easy und moderate und no one vill crowl. You mustn't been a diss puder—und ad der same dime you needend been a cit maid. Keep a shade bedweend der dwo.

THE HAZARDS OF THE DICE.

A correspondent tells the following story of life in Louisville:—There lived on ——— street, in an unpretending establishment, surrounded by trees and flowers, a young lady who was celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments. She was a blonde, with blue eyes, white teeth and a heavenly smile—had the prettiest hand and foot that ever were seen—and was tall, lithe and elegant. Her wit was delicate, pointed and sparkling, and her mind was as superior as her person was lovely. The town was at her feet, and her suitors were as importunate, if not as many, as those of Penelope, like whom she was continually wooed and never yet wedded. In the midst of her success came the war, the end of which found her family impoverished and herself reduced to want for the necessaries of life.

But she was still the same proud, imperious mistress of hearts as before, and she refused in quick succession the many offers of marriage that were now made to her. She had not thought of matrimony as a resource, but had other and totally different prospects in view. She proposed, in fact, to teach a school.

A fellow-townsman, a gentleman of wealth and position and a bachelor, had long been a silent worshiper at her shrine. He had houses and lands—estates in the country and lots in the city—stocks, interests and investments wherever they would pay; and his private establishment on ——— street was simply palatial. Seeing how the case stood with her whom he loved with his whole soul, he resolved, after many self-communings and much reflection, to ask her to be his wife.

"Sir!" said she, in answer to his proposal. "I do not love you and I cannot marry you!"

"Think the matter over, my dear," said he, "and in one week from to-day give me your answer."

Upon his return, on the day set, she said to him:—

"Sir! you have wealth and I am poor; you live in a palace, and I, as you see, in a cottage; you are desirous of having my hand, and I would like very much to be rich. I will make you a proposition. I will throw the dice with you—my hand against one hundred thousand dollars! Is it a bargain?"

"It is!" said he. And thereupon they pledged to each other their word to bide the hazard.

It was arranged that three persons should be let into the secret; that each should select a friend; and that the two selected friends were to act as third. Accordingly he named the Hon. Mr. ———, a prominent member of the bar, as her friend; Mr. ——— chose the Rev. Mr. ———, pastor of the fashionable church on ——— street, as his; and these two made choice of Dr. ———, an eminent professor of the medical college, as the friend of both parties. By these gentlemen the preliminaries were arranged, and the programme was this:—

The doctor was to give a party at his house on a certain specified Friday evening, at which were to be present all the best people of Louisville; the Hon. Mr. ——— was to have a license, in blank, ready to be filled at a moment's warning and was to hold Mr. ———'s check for $100,000; and the Rev. Mr. ——— was to be in waiting to perform the marriage ceremony if called on so to do. The dice were to be thrown in Hon. Mr. ———'s study, whence the quintet were to proceed to the party, where, if Miss ——— lost, they were to celebrate the wedding, and if she won, they were to mingle with the guests without remark.

At precisely nine o'clock on the eventful evening the players and their friends met in Hon. Mr. ———'s study. By agreement of the parties themselves they were to throw poker dice, and to cut cards for the first throw. The gentleman cut a queen, and the lady a jack, and now came the tug of war. He was cool, calm, and pale; she was statuesque, imperious, and collected. His lips were compressed; hers were formed into an extended arc, spanning the whole mouth and completing the bow. The twain sat on opposite sides of a small table, and the umpires stood overlooking them.

The dice box being set before him, Mr. ——— placed his fingers over the top, and with the thumb clasping the side, he gave it a shake, and threw two fours and two deuces. Putting aside the fours, he threw again and threw another four. Then throwing the two remaining dice, he threw two fives. He had thrown therefore a "rush"—three fours and two fives.

And now came Miss ———'s turn. It was a thrilling moment, and the rustle of her silk dress in the stillness of that room sounded like the tree tops in the wind. She began by drawing off her right glove, exposing a hand of exquisite beauty and delicacy, on the forefinger of which sparkled a diamond. Then, taking up the box quickly, she gave it a long shake in the air, and turning it down upon the table, she threw—nothing! A cloud thereupon passed over her face, and the arc of her lips assumed a still more bow like curviture. But, nothing daunted, she at once took the box, and threw again—this time turning up four deuces and the fifth dice cocked! Terrible mischance! Miserable luck! Again she threw, and threw two deuces and two fours. Putting all the dice back into the box she had left but one throw and last throw, upon which now rested her only chance. For the first time since she had sat down she spoke, asking for a glass of water. Having drank a tumblerful, she sat for a moment, pressing together her eyebrows between her thumb and forefinger and then, all of a sudden, she snatched up the dice box and shook it vehemently, and threw—three fours and two sixes, and won! And did she take the money? you ask me. I answer most empatically—she did.

FORCE AND MATTER.—Fundamentally considered, there are neither force nor matter. Both are merely abstractions, assumed from different points of view, of things as they are. They supplement and pre-suppose each other. Separately, they do not exist. Matter is not like a carriage, to which the forces, like horses, can be put, or again removed from. A particle of iron is, and remains, the same, whether it crosses the horizon in the meteoric stone, rushes along in the wheel of the steam engine, or circulates in the blood through the temples of the poet. These qualities are eternal, nalienable and untransferable.

"MAY I GO TO THE THEATRE?"

The question involved in the above title, no doubt suggested by the late event in connection with "The Little Church Around the Corner," in this city, was made the subject of an evening lecture by the Rev. John F. W. Ware, pastor of the Church of the Saviour (Unitarian), at the new Masonic Temple, Baltimore, taking as his text, Acts xix. 31:—"That he would not adventure himself into the theatre." In dilating thereon the reverend gentleman expressed more liberal views than generally emanates from the pulpit, and his strictures upon those who denounce what by experience or investigation they do not understand, and make no effort to ameliorate, are pointed and appropriate, as will be seen by reading the following resume of his remarks, which we quote from the *Baltimore American* of the 6th inst.:—

The drama stands recognized as one of the methods in which the human mind has in all ages striven to utter itself. No branch of literature is more various, more fascinating, more useful; none with wider range, attracting or arousing broader sympathy. Into none can a writer throw more power, or come closer to the heart and the life of the people. It has been the chosen vehicle of some of the greatest and best minds of all ages, its works surviving all shocks and changes of languages, times and tastes. There is a dramatic element in our common nature which the literature of the drama and more especially the representations of the stage meet, minister to, and satisfy—a normal demand by these supplied. The imagination, the conversation, the activities, the plays of children are intensely dramatic are they. It is recognized by the Saviour in his parables, who did not overlook the mimic scenes of the children as they played at wedding and funeral in the market place. The theatre is of great antiquity and has a various history. Cherished as an ally of the early Christians by the Catholic, then by the Protestant Church; as times changed, denounced and ostracised by each; now the friend and advocate of religion, morality, patriotism, and now deserted of those who once invoked its aid, to become the poor pander to low thought and debauched taste. In its singular career, especially since the times of the first Charles and the ascendency of the Puritans, there is quite enough to account for, if not to excuse, all that is bad in it.

Life is dramatic. In the broadest, deepest, truest and most personal senses is the world a stage, on which we are the actors. Unconsciously we throw the actions of life into dramatic attitudes. The poet sees in the drama not merely the best method of presenting his thought, but his best hope of audience and influence. The orator knows that he requires it as one of the elements in his success, and the cold stupidity of the pulpit is much increased because of its neglect. It is the dramatic element that has made largely the success of Roman Catholic churches, the Catholic it has made largely the success of the Methodists; it has made the temporary repute of that class of revivalists whose rampant rhetoric runs riot amid fancied scenes of a torrid hell or an exotic heaven; it is the lack of it and the killing out of a God gift that has nearly made the Puritan pulpit so dreary and torpid, and has prevented the Friends from becoming a power. In days of asceticism, sternness and gloom—unnatural days—you may do without it; but when the throb of joy and life asserts itself, when *He lives*, then you must have recourse to the dramatic, neglected power, and through it quicken man with fresh impulse. Our Bibles are crowded with dramatic interest, from the grand scenic introduction of a creation to the graphic judgment scenes of its close.

In the community there is a difference of opinion as to the drama, the theatre and the actors. Unqualified condemnation on the one side, unqualified approbation on the other, and between all shades setting down into an average public opinion in favor of theatrical performances.

After speaking of the influence of the drama upon the morals of the Greeks and Romans, Dr. Ware came down to the time that the Catholic Church took up the theatre and used it as an engine for affecting that which the pulpit had not succeeded in; nuns and priests were the players. Then later the Protestants used it, until in England the Puritans destroyed it, while to the unwearied defence of Voltaire, who, with chivalrous manliness, stood out in these behalf, it is owing that the profession of the actor was wrested from the position of infamy, and a people long friendless and despised began to find their way back to the level of an honorable and common humanity. Dr. Ware: "What am I, in my profession as a clergyman, to say of all this? Shall I join the Church cry and go unqualifiedly against a class and their vocation? Shall I say that the theatre is a snare and peril which true Christians in all ages have abhorred, when French novelists do safely and well what we used it to their ends when it was convenient, and as good Christians attend and approve it as those who stay away and condemn it?"

The speaker went on to show that nothing was gained by indiscriminate denunciation, and that the mass of the people do not respect the clergy for the loose manner in which they speak of men and things they take no real pains to understand. It is an ideal world, an ideal sinner, the pulpit attacks. The world and the sinner both, however, are not mirrored, but caricatured. The pulpit would never gain over actors and actresses, nor will it ever prevent people from attending the theatre, while it uses language such as has been quoted. After mentioning the names of some of the great dramatists of the world, Dr. Ware said:—"To blend in one rude blast such names as these is to stultify one's self and to slander one's fellows, and I know just what I say, and just what how I raise when I say I would rather take my chance here and hereafter with a slandered class than with the class who slander. I don't believe that all the virtue is among the professors of religion, or all the sin among the sinners."

After the above was in type, the *Sun* of the same date came to hand, giving a report of the lecture similar in substance but different in dress, which, as the subject has been made of great interest to the dramatic profession, and to the public at large, we also quote:—

Mr. Ware said:—The text and its incidents have nothing to do with the sermon, except as a necessary canonical handle. I find the drama recognized as one of the methods by which the human intellect and heart have striven to utter itself—the chosen one of the greatest minds of all ages and literatures, retaining its hold when other writings of the same date are forgotten.

I find the theatre recognized as an institution permanent in the community, the supplement and necessary exponent of the drama, originating in Athens and popular in Greece; unpopular at Rome, and then enthusiastically adopted; anathematized by the early church, and then the ally of both the Catholic and Protestant churches; abolished by Puritan England, lifted and made great by Voltaire, the property of all nations and the delight of all peoples.

I find imbedded in our nature a dramatic element. Childhood attests its presence. Life itself is dramatic. Unconsciously we throw the actions of life into dramatic attitudes, carry into the world dramatic adjuncts, while that which takes a dramatic shape most interests us. The pulpit has lost power by not recognizing and adapting itself to this nature trait in man.

I find in the community a difference of opinion as to the drama, as to the theatre, as to the actors—unqualified condemnation, unqualified approval, and every shade of opinion between.

Now, shall I, as a clergyman, join the church cry, declare the theatre "a snare and a peril, which true Christians in all ages have abhorred;" that a man is "perfidious in his religious vows" who goes there; that a professor of religion is a "hypocrite" who is seen there?

Nothing is gained for a good cause by calling names, or misrepresenting facts. The pulpit, by its harshness, many times repels where it ought to win. The mass of the people feel that the sinner portrayed by the pulpit is not the actual sinner of life, and loses respect for a profession that does not really know real men. Some classes do not get fair play at its hands, and actors and actresses will never be gained, nor men and women kept from the theatre by pulpit denunciations. I claim that an institution cannot be worthy of unqualified condemnation which has grown up in Greece and Rome, the dramas of Germany, the comedies of France, which to our literature has added the plays of Goldsmith and Bulwer, and Talfourd, and Sheridan and Shakespeare; which has strung the harp of Moore, and Rossini and Handel; which touches opera with one hand and covers the oratorio with the other; which in its art has given us the names of those who have come out of the furnace of peril with garments all white and no smell of the smoke upon them. I know just what I say, when I say I would rather take my chances here and hereafter with such a slandered class than with the class which slanders. I do not believe all the virtue is with the professors of religion, or all the sin with the sinners.

Of the theatre as it is I need not speak. No persons more honestly lament its condition and position than the really honorable persons attached to it. They have been helpless to prevent it—they are helpless to improve it. The dull dose is fed with the stage—it is utterly dependent on the public. It exists, as it was created, by public demand. It subsists on that. It must give the public what it asks, or starve. Nor is it the only institution to which the bread and butter interest becomes of most importance. It studies public sentiment, public want, and caters, stoops to that.

Reforming the theatres would be like cutting away a branch when the ax should be laid at the root. Reform the public, and the theatre will necessarily reform. The community wants the "Black Crook;" if it didn't, no manager would dare present it. The moment public sentiment rose high enough to demand the closing of the "third row," it was closed, and "the pit," the lowest, became "the parquet," the most respectable part of the house. If the theatre be a low school of vice, if its men and women are what the church calls them, it is the fault of the public, which is the master of the theatre. The stage will not dare present vice to a virtuous community.

"Were I," says some one, "a sojourner in a strange land, and anxious to gauge the exi-ent of its refinement and civilization, I should visit the theatres, which are or should be the schools of taste and morality to the multitude." As exponents of the real character of the people, they are of more value than churches. It is a serious fact and demands neither denial nor neglect, but reflection and action.

Shall a man go to the theatre? Yes, if only as a reformer. If it is a bad place, and made so by the demands of the community, the more reason why good men should go and create a better demand. Ecclesiastical bombshells, which are now apt to burst where they fall, are not going to do what the pressure and dictation of the respectable and good may accomplish in the community about can. In its fairs and its charities, its church enterprises and its homes, the love of the things of the theatre is fostered. It is an inevitability. Purify it. If you are in earnest about it and dread its influences, as you say, go there and help do it. Don't be afraid to go and reform once. Go as a reformer if you can't go as a man, go to do good if you believe it to be sinful to go any other way.

Better than that, go heartily as a juicy human being, without gravel in your knee joints, or a disappointed liver; go as a moral and accountable being, as you ought to go anywhere, to enjoy the good, encourage actors and managers in their strife for that, and in the quick way in your power at the moment rebuke the bad. Frown upon whatever is impure, low or vulgar. Bow reverently to elijah and re-establish itself. Use judgment as to times and expense, and guard against any too muchness.

But can a Christian go to a theatre? A Christian can and should go where a man goes, and the more Christians go to the theatre the more Christian will it be. I do not understand that a man being a professor adds to or takes from his obligations. The Bible makes no exempts, establishes no privileged class. Nor does it show that a clergyman may go to the theatre in Paris, but expel from his church those who go in New York. The morality, I have learned, has nothing to do with continents and zones and vocations.

The theatre is a good place for children if you are wise with them. They can't go to a better place for a first visit than with or with domestics. Personally, I have no hesitation in going to the theatre. I have seen less to object to there than in fashionable society. I find myself in as good company as I do anywhere, and I come away refreshed. I find in myself no residuum of evil—rather a needed exhilarant. I might, if I went everywhere, but we must select here, as he does always. What I object to is so clearly the fault of society that I pity the actors who have to serve such a master. And I think, if we all will do our part, we can, in a social tone, to encourage a grand art, and make its noblest impersonations welcome and desirable, we shall be doing the best thing we can for it, for ourselves, for the public, make it sure that in the incoming future there shall be a purer stage, and be found in hand, with the press and the pulpit, in the elevation of popular taste and the teaching of Christian morality.

[In the course of his sermon the Rev. Mr. Ware spoke incidentally of Madame Mitchell as one of the bright and pure lights of the dramatic profession. It happened that the lady mentioned was one among the very large congregation present, and the unexpected tribute to her character created quite a sensation. She had been recognized on entering, and quite a buzz of whispering occurred before the service. This the pastor took occasion to rebuke before he began his sermon, not imagining the innocent cause of it would be afterwards used to illustrate the wrong point he made as to the character of the stage and its lessons of purity.]

A RHINOCEROS ON ICE.—A strange "ice incident" took place on Jan. 4th, in which the rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens, London, Eng., nearly lost its life. The animal had been turned out as usual into the paddock behind the elephant house while the dens were being cleaned. The animal had fallen thickly during the night, so that the pond was not to be distinguished from the ground. The rhinoceros, not seeing the pond, put her fore feet on the ice, which immediately gave way, and in she went head over heels with a crash. The keepers ran for Mr Bartlett, the resident superintendent. When he came, in a few minutes, he found the rhinoceros in great danger of drowning, as the pond is nine feet deep, and she floundering about among great sheets of ice, under which she had probably been kept down by her great weight, enabled her to break up the whole mass. Here, then, was a most awkward accident under unexpected and novel circumstances. Mr. Bartlett, with his usual courage, quickness and readiness of resource, was quite equal to the occasion. He immediately let the water off the pond by knocking away a large plug which he had thoughtfully fixed instead of a tap, which is liable to get out of order. In the meantime, while the water was running off, Mr. Bartlett, losing no time, sent for all the available keepers and a long and strong rope; barrow loads of gravel were at the same time strewn on the sloping sides of the pond to give the exhausted animal a foothold. The rope was then tossed around the haunches of the rhinoceros, like the kicking-strap of a horse in harness, and twenty-six men, one half at one end of the rope and the other half at the other, pulled hard on the rhinoceros: so that in her struggles to get up the bank she would not only be supported, but pulled forcibly forwards. After much hauling on the part of the men and much plunging on the slippery bank of the pond, the rhinoceros was at last landed on *terra firma*. The saivors of this valuable living property had much to look out for themselves. Mr. Bartlett had anticipated this, for he had left the sliding gate of the enclosure open just wide enough to let out one man at a time, but not a rhinoceros. An absurd scene then ensued; everybody rushed to the gate, but the first of the fugitives from the rhinoceros, naturally stout, and possibly stouter at Christmas time than usual, jammed fast into the open gate, so that the other twenty-five men were in the pad dock with the rhinoceros. The poor frightened and half frozen beast luckily behaved very well; she did not rush after the men, but stood still, pricked her ears and snorted, giving the keepers time to get out as fast as they could, and how they could, through the ingenious "man-hole," or guard in the railing made in the case of emergencies. Neither the rhinoceros nor the men received the slightest injury. Shortly after the accident Mr. Bucklan saw the rhinoceros munching her breakfast as if nothing had happened. The rhinoceros was the big female; she is about 10ft. 6in. long and about 5ft. high at the shoulder, and she weighs, at a guess between three and four tons. The ice was four inches thick.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

ANOTHER "PASSIONATE PILGRIM."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I love a maid that's neither false nor fair,
Not dull as night, nor dazzling as the day,
Nor youthful as the Goddess of the Air,
Nor like some earthly flower nigh decay;
That she my ideal is I do deny,
Yet do I love this girl, I know not why.

Yet still I love the maid, e'en since I know
That nothing for my poor heart careth she—
That my life with my passion may outflow,
Like water from a desert rock set free;
But never would my love, though parched her lip,
Deign from so clear a font to stoop and sip.

One moment down beside my love I kneel,
One moment in a wreath her tresses weave,
One moment of despair—and then I steal
Away, ungratified, alone to grieve;
Yet, when I come, "Welcome!" she doth not say,
And when I go, nor will she bid me stay.

I leaned upon my love's upheaving breast
And feasted on her lips like rubies carved,
Though as I lay I seemed to gain no rest,
And while my lips regaled my soul was starved;
Lying so near her heart I heard it move,
Yet pined for that she could not give—her love.

As Phœbus' heat doth soften winter's snow—
As brilliant lightning will itself make felt—
As icebergs yield unto a volcano—
So doth my heart endeavor her's to melt;
But maidens e'en than icebergs oft are colder,
Such is my love—yet would I freeze to hold her.

Yet never would my love, though I should die—
Pierced by an arrow shot from her dark eye—
Heave for my hapless fate one tender sigh.
Drop on my tomb one mellow drop of brine;
Yet do I love my love—my bleeding heart
Huggeth the shaft that bids its crimson start!

Such is the nature of this fickle love.
Could I gain that for which my heart seems breaking,
The anguish I now suffer 'twould remove,
As fiercest thirst is glutted, dulled by shaking;
But that it doth make me a slave unto her
By growing more unkind the more I woe her.

St. Louis, Feb. 11, 1871. POTEMKIN.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

In a village in the Zillah of Bidh, East Indies, resided a highly respectable Brahmin with his family. The Brahmin belonged to the class called "reformers." He had a servant, also a Brahmin, and he frequently tried to instill into the mind of his menial the new doctrines he himself had become inspired with. Among them was the re-marriage of widows, and he endeavored to induce the menial to take unto himself as wife a woman who had tasted the sweets of married life. The servant at last yielded to his master's wishes and one day formed the wise resolution of wedding a widow; the master, of course, was delighted to hear of the wise resolve come to by his servant and suggested to the latter the propriety of making known his intentions publicly, in such a way as to have it believed that there had been no persuasion used, and that the man was actuated by his own feelings and opinions. It must be observed here that there was a *liason* between the servant and the mistress, and that she had been frequently importuning him to elope with her, so that they might all the more easily indulge in their illicit amours without the fear of detection. The servant deemed this a favorable opportunity of which to avail himself to enable him to obtain by fair what he might otherwise be driven to the necessity of securing by foul means. No sooner conceived than resolved; the scheme was put into operation, and the servant, having obtained a loan of money from his master, made the necessary preparations for the nuptials. The mistress of the house was desired by her liege lord to choose a widow as a helpmate for the servant from among her numerous acquaintances in the village. This mission was altogether congenial to her wishes, and she appealed to busy herself about the affair by absenting herself frequently from her house. At last she reported that a partner had been found, but that the intended wife did not wish her parents to be in the secret, and the celebration of the marriage was therefore fixed for a certain night on which there was no moonlight, according to Hindoo custom. The auspicious day arrived, and the night came on, when the master, his servant, the Brahmin who was to tie the nuptial knot and a number of other "reformers," assembled at the place appointed; the "bride" made her appearance in due time, covered from head to foot, much in the manner of "purdha ladies;" the marriage ceremony was proceeded with and the happy couple united in the bonds of wedlock. Prior to the ceremony being concluded, the Brahmin asked the master whether he had any objections to offer to the marriage, and whether, if any difficulty should arise in relation to it, he would render his assistance. He answered emphatically in the negative to the first question and in the affirmative to the second. The meeting dispersed, hearty congratulations having been bestowed on the married couple. Reports were circulated far and wide of the event, and the reforming Brahmin, the master of the serv

BASE BALL.

THE PROFESSIONALS OF 1870.

REVIEW No. 6.

The most attractive feature of our national game is skilful fielding, a department in which true ability finds ample scope for display, and in which, moreover, mediocrity can never occupy any but the position it merits. In batting, a "muffin" can readily make a showy hit which will win the applause of a crowd, as all that is necessary will win the applause of a crowd, as all that is necessary in such a case is to make a home run by hitting, as hard as in such a case is to make a home run by hitting, as hard as you can, the first ball that comes within reach. But no "muffin" can distinguish himself in the field except by his awkward attempts to field a ball properly. Fielders are divided into two classes, namely, *in-fielders*, which include the first six of a nine, and *out-fielders*, which embrace the last three of a nine. These are sub-divided into other classes, such as catchers, pitchers, base players, &c., and it is with the latter class of the professionals of 1870 we now propose to deal.

Base playing is one of the features of in-fielding, and the three bases require distinct qualities in each of the three players. The first baseman's chief duty is to hold balls thrown to him; while the second baseman has the additional duty to perform of touching players as well as simply holding the ball; the third baseman also having to do the same; while the latter, in addition, has to attend to the catching of high foul balls having a great twist imparted to them by the bat. Base players should be swift and accurate to cut out long throwers, the latter power only being needed in the outfield.

Beginning with first baseman, we have to present Joe Start as one of the most effective and skilful in the country. Joe is a left handed player and therefore is in his right position, as his most practiced hand comes into play best in stopping balls close to the foul ball line. Start is very effective in taking in low balls, as well as those thrown in over his head, and the hotter they come the more securely they appear to be held; in fact, it is from his being so generally sure in this respect that he derived the *soubriquet* of "old reliable." Joe is an excellent judge of foul balls and moreover knows how far to leave his base to field a ball, which is something all first basemen are not posted in. In regard to this point, it is now known that there is a certain kind of ball just quietly slog the ground to the centre of a triangle formed by the positions of the pitcher, first baseman and second baseman at right short field, which almost invariably gives first base to an active runner, simply because it is a ball which tempts the first base player to try and field it himself, and all but old hands get trapped by it. Last season we saw E. Mills and other noted first base players try to field such short balls, and in nearly every case they failed. Joe Start judges these balls admirably, and leaves them to the pitcher or second baseman to field to him unless they happen to come within a certain distance which he knows he can get to and back before the batsman can travel from home to first. It is worthy of remark that these short hits balls are entitled to an earned base, no matter how poor the hit may look. No hit, be it remembered, is a "poor one" which allows the batsman a fair chance to earn his first base, while no matter how showy a hit may be, if it affords a chance for a catch, at the hands of a sharp and active fielder, it is a "poor hit." Start is a quiet worker in his position, a faithful player and has always been esteemed for his dutiful conduct as a son, Joe for years having been the sole support and comfort of an aged mother.

The coolest and most collected of the first base players of 1870 is West. Fisler. Nothing ever seems to disturb his equanimity. In fact, his deliberate style of play actually robs him of much of the *eclat* that would otherwise attach to it, for the quiet way in which he will field some of the most difficult of balls naturally leads spectators to think that it was no feat he accomplished after all. Fisler is peculiar in his throwing, and it is a trait other players could copy with advantage. Skilful and cool a player as Fisler is, it is not his only point of excellence; his quiet, gentlemanly demeanor, the absence of a word of grumbling at badly thrown balls, or at erroneous decisions by the umpire, are among the essentials of a model ball player which characterise him. In fact, were all professionals of the Fisler type, the evils connected with the system would never have been developed, nor would it have brought the game into the disrepute they have. The Athletics are to be congratulated upon possessing others of this too rare class of professionals, to which we shall refer anon.

New Jersey has contributed two first class basemen to the professional arena, viz., E. Mills and M. Campbell, though the latter, we believe, has not rated himself as such; but assuredly he did not devote his time to ball playing without compensation, and all who do are now rated as professionals. Ed. Mills is possessed of good humor, and in this he is quite demonstrative, being full of antics at times. He is, nevertheless, a strong player; indeed, a far stronger player than he would be were he to indulge in the growling style peculiar to some Jersey players we know of. Mills is very quick in putting a ball on a player and is pretty sure on a catch, and in other respects excels in the position. Mike Campbell is not the one would call good natured, though he is not at all demonstrative the other way; but smiling is certainly not his *forte*. He is one of the most effective first base players we know of, and the best New Jersey ever turned out, which is saying considerable. Mike's average of players put out in his position excels that of any man in the fraternity. It was his fine base play that gave Stockman his reputation as short stop, for no matter how hot or high Stockman would throw, Mike would manage somehow or other to get hold of the ball in time, and Stockman did throw wild and wicked quite often.

That gentlemanly ball player, Gould, of the Red Stocking nine of 1870, ranks with the highest in the list of the first base players of last season. He is a very steady player; holds swiftly thrown balls securely, and is pretty sure for quite a wide circle from his position. We saw him field some red hot low balls from George Wright—regular finger breakers—in fine style last season, and it is not every first base player who can accomplish the feat. Always silent, even under the most annoying circumstances; an earnest, faithful worker for the best interests of the club he serves, Gould receives and merits the respect of all who know him.

Among the first base players who have for some years past occupied a prominent position is McAtee, of the Chicago nine of 1870. Though his play was somewhat affected by a lame knee last season, he managed to guard his position with great skill. He is perfectly fearless in facing the hardest batted and thrown balls, and is very effective in stopping balls that come to him outside of a fair reach. He is moreover a sure thrower and a safe hitter, and did valuable service in the White Stocking nine last year.

Doyle, of the Forest City nine, of Rockford, for 1870, stands A No. 1 as a first base player in that niae. Doyle, in addition to being a valuable general player, is a fine batsman.

Carlton, of the Forest City nine, of Cleveland, played very finely at first base last season, though not as steadily as he will do, no doubt, when he has made it his home position. He has a good reach, holds hot balls well, and is generally very secure in catching.

One of the best first base players of 1870 was Andrew Allison, of the Eckford Club. He is another of the reliable kind, and ever since he has occupied the position has played it in first class style.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

This strong amateur club of the City of Churches had an excellent record for 1870, as the statistics below fully prove. Out of 22 games played, they won 11. They scored 532 runs to 416, giving an average of 24 and over to 18 and over by opponents. The following are the total scores of their games played this season:—

1. Athletic	20	Oriental	10
2. Athletic	9	Mutual	38
3. Athletic	15	Atlantic	52
4. Athletic	26	Union	7
5. Athletic	7	Eckford	19
6. Athletic	12	Resolute	14
7. Athletic	13	Eckford	16
8. Athletic	9	Alpha	13
9. Athletic	33	Champion	26
10. Athletic	27	Enterprise	34
11. Athletic	32	Resolute	36
12. Athletic	10	Mutual	17
13. Athletic	36	Enterprise	4
14. Athletic	55	Dunderberg	20
15. Athletic	33	Stamford	12
16. Athletic	23	Champion	15
17. Athletic	45	Enterprise	6
18. Athletic	65	Union	14
19. Athletic	12	Atlantic	16
20. Athletic	31	Alpha	19
21. Athletic	30	Champion	21
22. Athletic	2	Star	6
Total	532	Total	416

Total games won, 11; total lost, 11. Games won—Amateur, 11; professional, 0. Games lost—Amateur, 5; professional, 6.

The following are the averages of the club:—

	No. of Games.	BATTING. 1st Base Hits.	Total Base Hits.	Av. 1st Base.	FIELDING. Av. Total Base.	Total Put out.	Times Ass'd.
Wiggins	15	50	95	3-01	5-05	32	5
Noonan	22	70	94	3-04	4-06	75	56
Proctor	21	81	106	3-18	5-01	47	55
Booth	22	56	83	2-08	4-05	96	95
Ireland	18	41	59	2-05	3-14	21	6
Bennett	14	39	56	2-11	4-00	104	5
Richardson	22	71	90	3-06	4-02	48	38
Bond	15	32	43	2-10	2-07	13	60
Price	9	25	40	2-07	4-04	50	7
Cook	10	26	32	2-06	3-02	8	1

THE LONE STAR CLUB, OF CATSKILL.

Below we give the record of this prominent club of the Hudson river county organizations for 1870. The Lone Stars played 12 games in 1870, winning 8 and losing 4, as follows:—

Aug. 4	Lone Star	33	Oneida, of Bloomfield, N. J. 25
Aug. 13	Lone Star	23	Niagara, of Saugerties, N. Y. 40
Aug. 15	Lone Star	42	Hudson, of Hudson City, N. J. 33
Aug. 26	Lone Star	34	Active, of Wappinger's Falls, N.Y. 49
Aug. 29	Lone Star	24	Riverside, of Coxsackie, N. Y. 8
Sept. 2	Lone Star	46	Mutual, of Catskill, N. Y. 29
Sept. 6	Lone Star	6	Haymakers, of Lansingburgh, N.Y. 82
Sept. 8	Lone Star	46	Excelsior, of Leeds, N. Y. 6
Sept. 9	Lone Star	54	Mutual, of Catskill, N. Y. 20
Sept. 20	Lone Star	36	Knickerbocker, of Hudson, N. Y. 25
Sept. 22	Lone Star	33	Excelsior, of Leeds, N. Y. 35
Sept. 29	Lone Star	35	Ulster, of Saugerties, N. Y. 36
Total	414		Total 378

The following are the averages of those who played in five games or over:—

Players.	No. Games.	1st B. H.	Av'ge. 1st B. H.	Total B. H.	Av'ge. Total B. H.	Av. 1st B. to A strike.
Day	8	32	4-00	51	6-38	54
McAtee	8	30	3-75	45	5-63	47
H. Wilcox	12	45	3-75	67	5-54	48
E. Wilcox	10	37	3-70	54	5-40	49
Tolley	10	37	3-70	42	4-20	48
Pease	11	39	3-54	49	4-00	49
Carlow	5	16	3-20	24	4-80	47
Cornwall	12	36	3-00	49	4-08	46
Piero	10	26	2-60	32	3-20	36
Beach	5	10	2-00	13	2-60	27
Substitutes	16	44	2-88	51	3-19	36

THE GALLAUDET CLUB, OF HARTFORD.

This club, composed of deaf mutes of the Hartford Asylum, enjoyed base ball to a considerable extent during 1870, as will be seen by the appended record:—

Gallaudet	49	Fields	7 9 innings
Gallaudet	36	Bakers	16 9 innings
Gallaudet	33	Trinity College nine	25 7 innings
Gallaudet	49	Juniors	9 9 innings
Gallaudet	32	Elm	24 9 innings
Gallaudet	44	Trinity College nine	17 8 innings
Gallaudet	46	Elm	16 9 innings
Gallaudet	33	Bakers	10 9 innings
Gallaudet	43	Excelsior	1 7 innings
Gallaudet	51	Empire	14 9 innings
Gallaudet	38	Royal Oaks	20 9 innings
Gallaudet	44	Germans	20 8 innings
Gallaudet	39	Empire, of W. Hartford	5 9 innings
Gallaudet	35	Hartford	11 9 innings
Totals	537		225 130

The club was organized in 1865 and has been playing each season since then. They are the champions of their class. Last season, out of 14 regular games, they won 11. Their secretary is Jas. A. Powers, and his address American Asylum, Hartford, Conn. The officers are as follows:—President, James Glynn; Vice Presidents, Tom. Fahy, W. L. Waters; Secretary, Jimmy A. Powers; Treasurer, Tom. Fahy; Committee, Jim Glynn, Jim A. Powers, Tom Fahy and W. L. Waters; Captain, Warren Lacy Waters.

SOUTHERN vs. R. E. LEE.

RETURN GAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF LOUISIANA.

DEFEAT OF THE SOUTHERNS.

These two well known Crescent City clubs met on the grounds of the Louisiana Base Ball Park Association on Sunday, the 12th inst., and played the return game for the championship of the state. The first game having been won by the Southerns by a score of 19 to 15, some considerable interest was felt in the result of this, and brilliant play was looked for, particularly as both club were known to be in fine condition, but those who attended were doomed to disappointment, neither clubs playing at all up to their usual average, while the Southerns were away behind, the Lees taking the lead at the commencement of the game, and at the sixth innings leading the Southerns 15 runs, the score standing 17 to 2, after which the Southerns made some little exertion, and at the end of the ninth innings they had run their score up to 11, while the Lees only added 2 to theirs, until their ninth innings, when, by the most careless kind of play on the part of the Southerns, the Lees added 7 more runs to their score, and so defeated their opponents by 20 to 11. During the three innings that the Southerns played, Holzman caught a very difficult bound, and Hennessey did fairly as pitcher, stopping several hot balls and getting them to first in time to save the Lees any further exertion. On the part of the Lees the whole nine did well, especially Lauer as pitcher, and Bond as catcher. The following is the score of the game:—

Southern.	R.	In.	T.	R. E. Lee.	R.	In.	T.
Bozani, lf b	3	1	1	Stut, 2d b	2	1	1
Donovan, c	1	1	1	Burt, r f	4	3	5
Larkin, c f	0	0	0	Levi, ss	5	4	4
Hennessey, 3d b	0	2	4	Tilton, 3d b	3	2	1
Winn, p	0	1	1	Easton, c f	4	3	4
Holtzman, 1 f	1	0	0	Bertel, 1 f	3	3	3
"Stevens," r f	3	0	0	Bond, c	3	3	3
Buddendorf, s s	2	1	1	Landun, 1st b	1	1	1
"Didlake," 2d b	1	2	2	Lauer, p	1	0	0
Totals	11	8	10	Totals	26	19	22

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Southern	1	1	0	0	0	4	3	2	—11
R. E. Lee	6	3	5	4	3	0	3	0	—26

Base play—Southern, 13, viz:—Bozani, 12; Donovan, 1. Assisted by Hennessey, 6; Winn, 4; Stevens, 1; Buddendorf, 1; R. E. Lee, 5, viz:—Stut, 1; Landun, 1; Lauer, 2. Assisted by Stut, 2; Tilton, 1; Bond, 1; Lauer, 3. Flies caught—Southern, 7; Donovan, 1; Hennessey, 3; Holtzman, 2; Buddendorf, 1. R. E. Lee, 12, viz:—Burt, 2; Levi, 5; Easton, 2; Bertel, 2; Lauer, 1. Foul bounds taken—Southern, 6, viz:—Bozani, 2; Donovan, 3; Holtzman, 1. R. E. Lee—1 by Bond. On three strikes—R. E. Lee, 1 by Bond. Southern, 1 by Donovan. Run out—Hennessey by Lauer. Umpire—F. McAlroy, Lone Star B. B. C. Ball—Ryan's dead. Time of game—1 hour and 54 minutes.

THE ROCKFORDS AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—The Forest City Club, of Rockford, Ill., was fully reorganized last month, with the following *corps* of officers:—John P. Manny, president; Anthony Haines, Thomas F. Palmer, Levi Rhodes, Selden M. Church, S. C. Within, vice presidents; R. C. Bailey, financial secretary; H. H. Waldo, corresponding secretary; George E. King, treasurer; C. M. Utter, scorer; John P. Manny, H. W. Price, John C. Barbour, A. D. Forbes, H. P. Holland, directors. Mr. Waldo says that, notwithstanding the loss of several strong players, the club will enter the campaign this coming season with a strong nine. He complains of Zettlein in first tendering his services and naming his terms, which were promptly accepted, and then failing to fulfill his verbal agreement. Until papers are signed, however, a professional is free to make changes. Mr. Waldo gives notice that any first class pitcher, not yet engaged, can obtain a good situation by applying to the secretary of the club.

OF BASE BALL AFFAIRS in Troy, N. Y., a correspondent, writing on Feb. 16th, says:—"The Haymakers for 1871 are fully organized and their nine are—McGarry, catcher; McMullen, pitcher; Pike, first base; Bevens, second base; Bellan, third base, Craver, short; S. King, left field; York, centre field; Flynn, right field, and Conners, a Philadelphia player, for tenth man. They have a stock company, ten thousand dollars in their treasury and will not take a back seat from any nine in the country. They are going strong for the Mutuals and also for Harry Wright's Boston nine..... Mart King and McAtee are in Troy yet, but they intend leaving shortly for Chicago..... The Putnams are disorganized. Dakin, Bunting and O'Brien are negotiating with the Fort Edward club. There are still some very good players that can be secured, however, among them Ralph Ham, an excellent third base man and change pitcher. The directors of the Putnams are talking of sending the silver ball to the Flyaways some time next week."

PELICAN VS. MISSISSIPPI.—These New Orleans clubs played a game on Feb. 12th, the former winning by a score of 27 to 5. The losers were whitewashed six times and the winners once.

MAPLE LEAF.—The third grand ball of the Maple Leaf Base Ball Club, of Hamilton, Canada West, takes place at Mechanics' Hall, in that city, on Monday evening, Feb. 20th.

COCKING.

NEW HAVEN vs. HARTFORD AND SPRING-FIELD.

THE ELMITES VICTORIOUS.

The beautiful City of Elms, the pride of the Nutmeg State, was visited by a large number of "outside barbarians" on Feb. 13th, for which date had been arranged a grand cocking main between enthusiastic fanciers representing New Haven on the one side, and Hartford and Springfield on the other. Some of the most prominent citizens in those places were interested in the matter, and the assemblage to witness the sport was very orderly and respectable. The conditions were to show fifteen cocks apiece, and fight all that fell in for $50 a battle and $200 on the odd. Eleven pairs were matched and the fight ing was of a character calculated to afford the fullest satisfaction to those attending, who wagered their money freely. New Haven was the favorite at odds of $160 to $80, and the main terminated in the triumph of her representatives, as shown by the appended summary:—

Fight.	N. H.	H. and S.	Won by	Time.
1st	4lb. 12oz., p	4lb. 13oz., bl. r	New Haven	13:00
2d	5lb. 8oz., br. r	5lb. 7oz., bl. r	New Haven	11:00
3d	5lb. 1oz., r	5lb. bl. r	Hartford	7:00
4th	5lb. 1oz., br. r	5lb. 4oz., bl. r	Hartford	4:30
5th	4lb. 15oz., br. r	5lb. w. p	New Haven	9:30
6th	5lb. 8oz., br. r	6oz., bl. r	Hartford	5:15
7th	5lb. br. r	4lb. 15oz., b. r	New Haven	2:00
8th	4lb. 14oz., bl. r	4lb. 15oz., bl. r	Hartford	20:00
9th	4lb. 10oz., w. p	4lb. 9oz., Dom	New Haven	17:00
10th	5lb.	4lb. 14oz., bl. r	New Haven	5:30
11th	5lb. 4oz., br. r	5lb. bl. r	Hartford	21:00

New Haven, 6; Hartford, 5.

NEW YORK VS. WESTCHESTER.—A DECISIVE DEFEAT.—A main of chickens between the fanciers of New York and Westchester, the former represented by Mr. Coyne and the latter by Mr. Rhody, was fought at the customary scene of action in New Jersey on Wednesday, the 15th inst. The conditions were to show fifteen chickens on each side, and fight all that fell in, for $20 each battle and $200 the odd fight. There was a large gathering of the fancy, and speculation was brisk, both on the final result of the main and each representative battle. The beating on the main was even, but New York had the call after the first contest at $20 to $16 each fight. Eleven birds fell in on each side, and the New York party, to the surprise of the Westchester division, won the first six fights in steady succession, thus securing the main and money. The losers declined fighting the remaining five battles, as they were thoroughly demoralized by the Waterloo defeat they had sustained.

NEW YORK VS. ALBANY.—The return main between New York and Albany, the former represented by Ben. Daniels, and the latter by Terry Storey, came off at the same place as the previous one, on the 10th inst. Like its predecessor, this was for $200 each battle and $1,000 the main. In the first tournay Albany had won the main, having scored eight fights to five for New York. This unexpected result demoralized the New Yorkers and they did not support their gallinaceous representatives with anything like their former spirit; indeed, the aristocratic fancier of Ben. Daniels' birds, for whom these mains had been made, was too present to see the second one, thinking his side had no chance of winning. To the general surprise, however, the New York fowls fought with such unflinching gameness and resolution that they won the main in hollow style, scoring seven out of the nine battles fought.

A COCK FIGHT was to have come off in Jersey City on Feb. 13th, but the police obtained information of the same and put a stop to the proceedings.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WALKING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

At the Star Grounds, Fulham, London, Eng., on Jan. 30th, Joseph Stockwell, of Kensington, undertook to walk seven and three quarter miles in an hour, for £100 a side, J. Ambrose backing Father Time. The weather was intensely cold, and not at all pleasant for those who, blind to experience, had met in the expectation of the start taking place at the time appointed—three o'clock. In addition, flakes of snow fell during the afternoon, but the path was swept clean and was in capital going order. It was a quarter to four when Stockwell appeared at the mark in readiness to go, and his appearance elicited general admiration. He was attended on the mark by his trainer (Blandford) and Tommy Trew, who accompanied him when the signal to go was given. Stockwell soon settled down into the slashing stride which seems so remarkable in so short a man, and the pace he put on was such as to give a very "rosy" appearance to his chance. Nobody could go better; no one could dispute the fairness of the walking; and for awhile each completed lap increased the confidence of the friends of "the man." The first mile was done in 6 minutes 56 seconds; two miles were got over in 14 minutes 53 seconds, and three miles were accomplished in 22 min. 13 2-5 sec. Stockwell was now going magnificently, and towards the finish of the fourth mile he put on a splendid spurt. He had now, however, done his best. A change rapidly came over him, and during the fifth mile his pace became slower even than those of his friends, affrighted at his speed in the first two miles, could desire. Once he came almost to a standstill, but a mouthful of brandy sent him on his way refreshed. But matters had altered for the worse. He was getting slower and slower, and every lap was decreasing his chance of success. He was evidently in distress, and at six miles there were but small hopes of his being able to do what he had undertaken. In the seventh mile things looked more dismal still, and when that was finished it was virtually all over. Soon after the beginning of the odd three quarters, Stockwell was advised by his friends to desist; but he persevered to the end of the distance, and, having one lap in thirty-four yards to walk when "time" was called, complete the distance in 62 min. 35 sec., thereby losing by 2 min. 35 sec. H. Buck was umpire for "Time" and Mr. Innes for Stockwell. H. Woodstock was umpire and official time-keeper.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—A match against time has been made by Messrs. Jerome and Hunter, which promises to rival in interest Lexington's great four mile match against old Chromos, at New Orleans, in 1855. Mr. Hunter has bet $1,000 against $2,500 that he will produce a horse that shall run one mile, carrying regular weight for age, in the unequalled time of 1:41; the race to come off at the first summer meeting at Saratoga in July next. Mr. Leonard Jerome backs time. It is thought that Mr. Hunter will be represented by either Kingfisher or Gleneig, but we are informed on good authority that Mr. Belmont, their owner, declined to have anything to do with the match when an interest in it was offered him.

SMITH VS. BEVELANDER.—These men are, we learn, training diligently for their match to walk 100 miles for $500 a side, at the Olympic Theatre, Boston, on the 27th and 28th inst. A track six feet in width, extending around the auditorium of the theatre, will be erected, and the start will be made at 10 o'clock P. M. of the 27th. Smith is champion of America and Bevelander is a very promising young walker of the Hub.

LESTER GUARD, a boy residing at Swanton, Vt., aged 14, weighs over 200 lbs., and is 5 ft. 6 in. in height. He is a corporal's guard in himself.

THE RING.

THE PROLONGED FIGHT IN SCOTLAND.

Last week we made mention in brief of a pugilistic encounter which took place last month upon the soil of Scotland, between Joe McDonald, of Camlachie, and Jem O'Brien, of Gla-gow, at catch weight, for £25 a side. Since then we have received details, which we herewith lay before our readers. The mill was fixed for Jan. 16th, at Chapelton, in Lanarkshire, but owing to the interference of the police authorities they were unable to pull it off then. The two principals were apprehended, and, after being detained a few days, liberated on a bail of £10 each for their appearance when called upon. As soon as they were clear of prison, a rider to the original articles was drawn up, agreeing to fight on Jan. 27th, and they took the precaution of selecting a referee the night before, and did not fix the place of meeting till 1 o'clock on the morning of the fight. The *rendezvous* agreed on was Lambhill Bridge, Possil road. At half past six, and long before that hour, several hundreds arrived at the trysting place. A move was then made in the direction of Allander, and as soon as the river Kelvin was crossed (the boundary of the shires) a site was got for the "magic circle" on Kelvin Park, near Summerton Farm, in Stirlingshire. The ground was anything but fine, being as hard as iron, owing to the severe frost, and fearfully lumpy, in addition to which there was a thin coating of snow over it. About half-past 7 o'clock O'Brien threw his cap into the ring amid hearty cheers. O'Brien, who is about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and 140 lbs. weight, made his first appearance on Jan. 2, 1866 at Strathblane, with Jem. Warnock, of Glasgow. The fight lasted 58min., during which 86 rounds were fought, when the ring was broken into and the referee ultimately gave his decision against O'Brien, and lastly he suffered defeat from Joe McDonald, on July 23, 1868, for £30, 25 rounds, 1h. 43min., in the Hough, near Hogganfield. For no apparent occasion he was trained by John Hilley, and was in splendid form, with the exception of his face being slightly fleshy. About half an hour after O'Brien's appearance, McDonald showed inside the ring and was greeted in a similar manner to his opponent. Joe's height is 5ft. 5½in., and we were informed that he was about 3lb. heavier than Jem. He made his *debut* with Dougie Travers, on Aug. 6, 1867, for £20, in the Glasgow district. The fight lasted 40min., 46 rounds, when the referee was forced from the ring side and the battle ended in a draw. Defeated O'Brien, chronicled above, and he next received forfeit from Jem Warnock, they being matched for £50. Fought with Peter Bannaghan, of Glasgow, March 25, 1869, at Auchengray, for £20, when, after seven rounds, the police interfered and the stakes were drawn. Defeated Jem Stewart, of Glasgow, for £50, June 21, 1870, 62 rounds, 2h. 2min. F. Boyle looked after Joe's welfare, and he was in fine fettle. The men were both speedily undressed, and, everything being in readiness, they shook hands for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. While sparring for an opening the men were eagerly scanned. Joe, who stood rather wide on his pins, kept his left by far too low, but his right was well planted; while Jem stood well on his feet, with his left straight out and his right lying with ease across his chest. A deal of feinting and cautious sparring ensued, then Jem got well on to Joe's chest, which quickly caused the latter to come into close quarters, and he visited O'Brien's left eye in such a manner that a large "mouse" was perceptible. Some sparring again took place, till at last they came to close quarters, Joe labouring heavily on the face and Jem on the body, and in this manner they fought to the ropes. *First blood* for Joe, his opponent bleeding at the mouth.

2. O'Brien, after some cautious work on both sides, let go his right with terrible effect on Joe's ribs, which brought them to short arm work, and, closing, the last named cleverly threw O'Brien on his back.

3. Fully a quarter of an hour was wasted before a blow was struck, all this time being lost in sparring, rubbing themselves, viewing each other and chaffing. O'Brien opened on the body and Joe retaliated on the left optic, and after a few trifling exchanges Joe was thrown.

4 to 11. McDonald, during the whole of these rounds, generally had to force the fighting, O'Brien acting on the defensive, and there was some heavy punishment in store for the latter, for this time Jem's left optic was closed, while Joe's body and back presented anything but a pleasant sight, being all bruised and discolored. Time, 1h. 30min.

12 to 21. O'Brien had decidedly the best of it, and either fought Joe across the ropes or else threw him heavily on the ground. In the 19th round Jem lifted Joe by the waist and hurled him with tearful violence to the ground, which caused the spectators to imagine that nearly all the bones in McDonald's body were broken.

22 to 31. Quick work was the order of the day, and the hitting was very severe. O'Brien occasionally tried the face, but made poor progress there, as his opponent was always on the alert, and in nearly every instance avoided too close proximity. McDonald, finding that the left eye was closed up, directed his attention often to the right, and though he got on repeatedly the blows were far too weak to do any damage.

32 to 40. The heaviest fighting that had yet taken place occurred now, and the blows delivered were fast and furious, many of them of a fearfully telling nature.

In the 40th Joe got on the hug, but O'Brien lifted him a couple of feet off the ground and sent him to mother earth and fell heavily on him.

41 to 65. For some time the proceedings were slow, but at the 50th round Jem began to force the fighting, and kept at it till the close. The last dozen rounds were very short, Joe in every instance being fought across the ropes. Some conversation now ensued among the backers in reference to a "draw," and this was soon settled, as the men willingly acquiesced in the arrangement, and shook hands over a battle after fighting five hours and ten minutes.

That it was a gamely contested fight there was not the shadow of a doubt, and the length of time they encountered each other far surpasses any previous affair in Scotland. O'Brien, when using the fights, but too round, and thereby often caused himself to be late in getting home. At the beginning he hit rather short, and out of reach with his left; but on the whole he did remarkably well, for as the fight proceeded both hands were brought nicely into action. His scientific abilities took all by surprise, as he threw his opponent repeatedly with great ease. McDonald displayed a good deal of feinting and "fiddling," and when he drew his opponent to a point, failed to make proper use of him, as he generally retreated too far away. Early in the fight Joe used his right very effectively, speedily closing Jem's left optic, and had he been able to make use of his left any way smartly, he would have succeeded in having Jem at his mercy. Both men were greatly punished, Joe principally on the body, and O'Brien about the face. The Glasgow authorities having been communicated with while the combat was proceeding, a number of officers were sent to watch the different approaches to the city. The result of this arrangement was that dozens were apprehended, including McDonald; but the majority of them were only kept for a couple of hours, and allowed to depart. Next morning (Saturday) they were dispatched to Stirling, where Sheriff Scone, on the same day, sentenced them to the following terms of imprisonment:—Joseph McDonald, one of the principals, 60 days; Alexander Taylor, 30 days; Peter McCrossle, 20 days; Boyle, 20 days, and W. Taylor, W. Baker, G. M'Laggart and J. Russell, all cab drivers, to a fine of 20s. or 20 days. The whole of the above pleaded guilty. O'Brien was still at large.

A BATTLE FOR A "FIVER."

R. Herrington and R. Taylor, a couple of miners, fought near Haswell, Durham county, Eng., on Jan. 18th, for £5. The men had quarreled in a public house in Haswell, and having decided on hostilities they agreed to put down as much money as they could raise at the moment, and dispose of the question of superiority without delay. Accordingly the stakes having been posted in safe hands, the fighting combatants, accompanied by a crowd of fully 500 people, adjourned to a field on the farm of Mr. Young, about a mile from Haswell, where a ring was formed, and the preliminaries were quickly despatched, W. Hutchinson officiating as referee, while two friends for each gave their services as seconds, and the men then stepped in the circle and put up their fists for the first round. They appeared about equally matched for size and weight, but the posture of each was the reverse of artistic. Taylor, however, manoeuvred quickest and met his opponent's rushes with quick and straight deliveries from both hands. Eventually they closed and got down side by side. Three more rounds of a similar character were fought, Taylor appearing to have all the best of it, when police constables Curry and Cessford rushed up to the ring, and quickly forcing their way through the flying crowd, they pounced upon Taylor and made him a prisoner, Herrington making his escape. Taylor was locked up at Haswell, and brought before the Castle Eden magistrates on Jan. 30th, when he was bound over to keep the peace. On the release of Taylor a conference between the men and their friends ensued, the result being that a renewal of hostilities was decided upon for an increased stake.

THE MACE AND COBURN MATCH.

Our remarks relative to the pending match between Joseph Coburn and James Mace must necessarily be brief this week, as nothing calling for special mention has transpired since our last issue. The inclemency of the weather has put a veto upon out-door exercise, but the principals have not neglected the in-door branches of physical education. On Tuesday of next week, 28th inst., falls due the second and final deposit of five hundred dollars from each man, which will make up the $1,000 amount to be contended for—two thousand dollars. The principals and their backers will bear in mind that upon that occasion two other very important matters are also to be settled, viz.:—the selection of a final stakeholder and the postponement of the date originally agreed upon for the combat to take place.

TRAINOR'S BENEFIT.—The Arbor, Bill Clark's sporting house on West Houston street, where the Knights of the Knuckles most do congregate, was well filled on the evening of Monday, Feb. 13th, when Mike Trainor, an old New York boy, and a clever boxer, was the recipient of a benefit. We were glad to see such a turnout, for the beneficiary is not only deserving but needed the good offices of the fraternity. The sets-to were as follows, several of them (notably those between Collins and Sweeney, and Sweeney and Tom Trainor), being excellent as displays of scientific ability: Cronin and Waters, Tom Trainor and brother, Billy Madden and Siley, Tim Collins and Tim Sweeney, Kennedy and Gray, King and Young Hanley, Welsh and "Bendigo," McKenna and Ward, Tom Trainor and Charley Sweeny—the latter being the wind-up. It had been expected that Billy Donnelly and Mike would have given the finishing box, but the latter was too unwell to put on the gloves. Aside from the disappointment it was a satisfactory exhibition. Uncle Bill Tovee was master of ceremonies.

MARCELLUS BAKER'S benefit at Music Hall, Haverhill, Mass., on the night of the 15th inst., was well attended. He wound up with Sol Aaron.

JIM COYNE writes to us, saying that he don't understand why Owney Geoghegan should challenge him, as he ought to know that he has retired from the ring and does not intend fighting again. He says he's doing a good business and it is a waste of ink and paper to challenge him.

BILLY SHEDMAN desires us to state that he has "fought his last battle," and will pay no attention to challenges in future.

DONALD DINNIE VS. THOS. MORRISSEY.—Several months since we published a challenge from one Thos. Morrissey, of Cincinnati, who claims to have been champion athlete of Ireland, during the Scottish champion, Donald Dinnie, to meet him in contest in certain feats of strength, including throwing weights, jumping and wrestling, offering to go to Ireland and pay his own expenses. We recently gave publicity to a reply from Dinnie accepting, in the main at least, said challenge; but now, after a lapse of three weeks, the Onion informs us that he cannot go to Ireland, as he offered to, because his backers won't agree to it, and reiterates his former challenge, saying that he will allow the Scottish athlete $100 for expenses if he will come to this country. There is very little, if any, likelihood of a match resulting from all this talk, to our way of thinking—it don't smack enough of "business."

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED DOG.—One of the most celebrated dogs in England, the mastiff Tell, has just died. He was of the grandest rough-coated type of Mont St. Bernard mastiffs, and was only lately withdrawn from the periodical shows in which, since 1864, he had been a constant competitor, always taking the first prize of his class. Advancing age and infirmity caused the disappearance of this favorite champion from the arena of his repeated triumphs. Tell belonged to the Rev. John Cumming Macedona, from whose well stocked kennel the loss of this one dog is considered irreparable, notwithstanding the excellence of others which remain, such as Alp, Monarque and Jungfrau.

A HANDICAP shoot for $100, five single birds each, from 18 to 22 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, 1¼oz. shot, is to take place at Ten Mile Run, Allegheny county, Pa., on March 20th. The entrance is fixed at $1, acceptance $4, including birds, and entries can be made up to March 6th by addressing W. J. Dorsey, Coal Valley P. O.

J. C. TRUAX, of Swanton, Vt., recently made 183 horse shoe nails in an hour, winning an oyster supper.

THE TURF.

The Long Branch Races.

ENTRIES FOR THE JULY AND AUGUST MEETINGS.

The numerous entries for the various stakes to be run for at the two summer meetings at Long Branch attest the popularity of the management of this racing association among turfmen. There are seven stakes at each of the meetings to be held at Monmouth Park, in July and August, and every one of them has closed with an unusually large entry. The July meeting commences on Tuesday, July 4th, and continues five days. The Jersey Derby Stakes, run on the opening day, is a revival of the similarly named stake formerly run at the once popular Paterson mee

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of the same name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Berrell, Mrs. M. L.
Berger, Henrietta
Barre, Jennie Worrell
Butler, Clara (2)
Boshell, Louie
Burt, Fanny
Clifton, Emma (2)
Clark, Ezra
Egberts, Nannie
Evarts, Mrs. Harry
Erwin, Mrs. E. B.
Edwards, Nellie
Florance, Minnie A.
Graham, Belle
Hastings, Mattie
Hindle, Annie
Hudson, Leo
Hallean, Mad.
Heathcote, Kate (?)
Jones, Ida
Keene, Laura
Moore, Carrie A. (2)
Macarre, Mad.
Nichols, Maggie
O'Hara, Mrs. F. (2)
Placide, Alice
Pearson, Jennie
Reignolds, Kate
Richmond, Virginia
Robinson, Julia (2)
St. Clair, Edith
Sheldon, Ella
St. Leon, Belle
Stowe, Emma
Sandford, Nellie (2)
Sleeman, Lizzie
St. Clair, Sallie
Stewart, Miss L. E.
Sawyer, Maude
Sheldon, Ella
Turnour, M'lle
Weener, Ella
Watson, Nellie
Weber, Lisa (?)
Webster, Florence
Wren, Martha
Yeamans, Annie
Zanfretta, Mrs.
Zavistowski Sisters

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arizons, Chas.
Allison, J.
Aiken, Albert
Austin, Charley
Armstrong, Jno. A.
Bailey, Steve W.
Aymar, W. T.
Aymar, A. F.
Brink, Fred.
Bailey & Co's. Circus
Bell, Frank
Bowron, W. L.
Berry, J. S. (2)
Backenstall, Ed.
Bradshaw, Geo.
Buckley, D. H.
Bideaux, Albert
Bailey, Geo. A.
Blind Tom,
Brown, Ben. Jr. (2)
Briggs, G. Mills
Bernard, C. H.
Barbour, Geo. A. (2)
Butler, Billy
Bruce, C. Amory (2)
Crane, Harry
Covell, Chas.
Cook, Billy
Corcoran, John
Calder, Nobby
Cole, Wm.
Currier, Frank S. (3)
Campbell, Frank
Cooke's Circus,
Carner, J. W.
Caron, J. (2)
Clifford, Harry
Cardiff, Tom
De Forrest, Geo. (3)
Decaux, Prof.
Donelle, L. J.
Dumont, Frank
Danforth, Jno. N.
Denier, John (3)
Dowland, Mr. E. (2)
De Haven, Claude
Dupree, Chas. H.
Denier, Tony
E. P. C.
Evans, S. R.
Entwistle, Mr.
Eagan, Jas. (2)
Ellis, Johnny
Fakir of Ava,
Frank, Tony
Forepaugh, Adam
Franks, Sidney
Firth, Edwin (2)
Fox & Denier,
Fowler, W. W.
Frost, Hyatt
Fox, Wm. B.
Frankum, Geo.
Foster, John
Fisher, Pete
Fornaci, Carl
Frink, C.
Green, M.
Goss, Ned.
Girard, Frank
Grady, G. G. (2)
Gurr, Harry (3)
Gordillo, V. O.
Grochs, Jacob
Gorman, Eugene F.
Gardner, Charlie
Howe's Circus,
Hartley, E. (2)
Hodes, Chas.
Hart, Billy
Hall, R. H.
Hale, W. S.
Haight, Mr.
Hall, J. L.
Hanlon, Frank
Herndon, S. J.
Haskins' DramaticCo
Hubbard, Sam.
Howes, E. C.
Holmes, Harry B.
Johnston, Dick
Jo.don, M. J. (2)
Jefferson, Joseph
Jordan, Kilian
Kemble, Chas. W.
Keen, Jule
Kelly & Leon,
King, Jas. J.
Leavitt, N. W.
Lauri, Henry
Lester, Wm.
Lendon, Geo. J.
Lyons, Frank
Lawlor, Wm. F.
Linyard, Wm. K.
L'Africain, R.
Le Perle, Geo.
Le Perle Bros.,
Murphy, Tom.
Morsland, Harry
Morris, D. L.
Mayo, L.
Mc. inley, Ben.
McCourt, John
Maeder, Fred.
Macart, F. J.
Morris, Jas. H.
Miller Bros.
Meidrum, R. S.
Merlin, Christian
Mack, Dan
Melville, Chas.
Moak, Jno. A.
Murray, Jno. H.
Miller, Theo.
Nixon, J. M.
Nickle, Robt. (2)
Older, L. P.
Oughton, W. A.
Older, F. A.
Price, M. M.
Prosho, Thos. (3)
Pike, Lew R.
Purcell, A. W.
Powers, Geo. W.
Parks, A. L.
Prospero,
Parker, Charley
Quigley, M. F.
Quinby, John
Quick, Fred.
Riley, Jno. S.
Rainford, Milton
Rosston & Springer,
Robinson, Jno R.
Ricardo, F. M. (2)
Robinson, Fred.
Roberts, J. H.
Rogers, M. M.
Robbins, Frank
Rouse, W. A.
Rutledge, Joe
Rogers, N. (2)
Rice, J. H.
Robinson, Harry
Rolando, Wm.,
Roberts, N. D.
Russell, Sol. S.
Stowe, John (11)
Showles, J. J.
Shelly, Jas. E.
Sharpley, Fred.
Sanyeah, Sam (8)
Seeley, Chas. (2)
Sharpley, Sam (2)
Stone & Murray, (2)
Stiles, Johnny
Stockbridge, J. W.
Stone, D.
Sherman, C. P.
Sherry, J. F.
Simpson, Jack
Staff Bells,
Searles, A. H.
Smith, Gaston
Tucker, Dan.
Thompson, Wm.
Trowbridge, Fred.
Taylor, C.
Townsend, M. L.
Taylor, W. H.
Verney, Sam. H.
Vernon, D. S.
Warf, Harry
Williams, Hy. A.
Washburn, Mr.
Warman, Jas.
Weston, Harry
Wells, Frank
White, F. G.
Worland, Melvin
Warhurst, Thos.
Williams & Mankin,
Williams, Clinton
Walters, Levi F.
Yale, Admiral

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Feb. 20th, '71.

THE WEEK just closed has not been "a great success" for our managers, two "unprecedented snow storms" in succession tending to knock down the receipts to a somewhat attenuated figure, leaving a bare skeleton of a margin for profits, and thereby depriving our worthy managers of those crumbs of comfort which are so necessary for their sustenance and support. And now, just as our streets are becoming navigable, when vehicles of a light draught of water can "go through" as cleverly as a garroter can go through a "drunken gentleman," lo! and behold you, the season of Lent breaks upon us, and warns us that frivolity, gayety and worldly pleasures should be abjured, and the thoughts be turned in spiritual channels, that we must fast and pray, and offer up thanks for the many blessings showered upon us, probably, since last we did penance in sackcloth and ashes. Yes, beloved readers, the opening of Lent and the anniversary of Washington's birth day come together this year, the important day being Wednesday—ash-Wednesday—February 22d, when, many years ago, George first saw the light of day, and made known his presence by a proper exercise of his infantile lungs and other organs of existance; on that day came into the world that boy, who *could* not tell a lie, even if he would, so firmly implanted in his youthful breast had been that germ of virtue which afterwards ensured him to become the Father of his country, and lead his numerous progeny from darkness into light, to "break the shackles" that so long had bound them down as inactive belligerents, and created them a nation; when the iron heel—perhaps, as this is not a 4th of July oration, we had better let the iron heel stand where it is, and go on with the show......"Whither are we drifting?" forms the title of a lecture in the *repertoire* of one of our peripatetic talkers. And we might ask the same conundrum here. "Whither are we drifting?" It does not seem *very* many years since our theatres were located around and about the City Hall, in Park Row, Chambers street and thereabouts; when the irrepressible and never-say-die *habitues* of the "old Park pit" were accustomed to while the hours away between that famous pit and the restaurants adjacent thereto. Had any one even *intimated* to those old inhabitants of the pit that a time *would* come when the Park would give place to the march of commerce; that the old Broadway and Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, and the various other places of amusement in that quarter, would be squelched, he would have been looked upon as a proper subject for the bottomless pit. But those "sacred old spots," those landmarks for old timers, have all been swept away, and what afterwards became up-town is now too far down for evening places of amusement. "Whither are we drifting?" Let us answer by saying that we are only floating with the current—the lower part of the city is crowded with business—residences are yearly being converted into huge store houses and dwelling places are eagerly sought in the upper part of the island. On the Broadway side of town Niblo's Garden is now the only regular theatre south of Houston street, and that part of the city used to be almost out of town, one or two of the omnibus lines having their up-town termini at Niblo's. Now *that* theatre is *too far down town*, and it is our opinion that but a short time will elapse before even that will be given up as a place of amusement and be converted into a mart of commerce. We are floating with the current, the current that runs toward the Central Park, which will ere long be the centre of our great and growing metropolis. In our city summary will be seen the announcement that the grounds of the Union Place Hotel, Fourteenth and Broadway, have been leased by Messrs. Gilmore and Butler, of the Theatre Comique, on which they intend to erect a new theatre. In times past this Union Place Hotel was the aristocratic hotel of the city, but age will creep on space—you know how it is yourself—and youth must be served—old things must give place to new, and this grand old aristocratic landmark will soon be made to resound with the applause of "crowded and appreciative audiences" over the pigeon wings of the *danseuse*, the "leaps in mid-air" of flying women, the rich humor of comic songsters and the graceful feats of American gymnasts, than whom there are none better in the world. And while upon this subject let us break the monotony of this old time discourse by making a few cheerful and invigorating rhymes on

YE GYMNASTE.

Ye gymnaste is a daring man,
And one that always pleases—
He jumps through hard, and easy, traps,
And swings upon *trapezes;*
And if he e'er should chance to fall
And see uncrowned "stars,"
He utters in contemptuous tones
His *horizontal "bah's !"*

He'll hang head downward without fear,
While quick your pulses beat,
And does his mighty *feat of strength*
By simply *weight of feet*—
A somersault he throws with ease,
And then will stories tell
How some assault the frightened air
With double ones, as well.

The "Spanish Trance" will he toss,
Though he's not *drunk* a bit;
And throw the "Barrel" till he has
A *barrel* aptic fit;
He prides himself upon a "vault,"
Though scarcely cares for churches;
He *hops* but little, yet at times
Is seen upon his *"Perche."*

Upon the "slack rope," too, quite oft
He shows his varied talents;
Although no mathematician, still
He tries to keep his *balance;*
And may he see without a fear
The River broad and deep,
And reach the bourne of safety, when
He makes his final *Leap.*

.....Talking of feats puts us in mind of a funny little thing that will make you laugh, although it wasn't a bit jocular for one of the "parties." We once knew a dog, "and Bingo was his name;" he was a peert, knowing bit of a yaller dog, with a cross of the black and tan "in his noble veins." This dog was a performer—he would stand up on his hind legs, play soldier, jump through fiery hoops, and do the dog knows what all; likewise he was a champion biter, could chaw his way through whole crowds of inferior pups, and no other similar animal could stand up long before him in a single-handed encounter; his "versatility of talent" can only be imagined. He was the curiousest little thing you ever saw—but his strong point was his bite—he was just like the man with the iron jaw, so tenacious was his hold, and so destructive to human life and liberty was his chaw; he crowded off all other dogs, and thereby gained great fame. But dogs, like people who gain fame, make enemies thereby, as you must very well know; every other dog wished to see the "chawer" taken down a peg, but not one of 'em cared to undertake it single and alone, you will understand; they are not unlike us human dogs in that way; when a dog or a person gets a big name, a "great combination" is formed to rob him of his merited laurels, to "steal his wittles," as it were, "on which he sets great store;" they will hold caucuses and conventions and mass meetings to devise the ways and means whereby to take down this champion dog or other person. And so it was with this curious little dog—he had risen, as it were, by the force of his own genius; he had fought down all opposition, had this versatile little cuss, and he strode through the world with just as much pomp as though he were conductor on a canal boat. One day an odd-looking man met the owner of this valuable quadruped, and he says to him, says he:—

"Hello, Mat; how's things?"

"Fust," says Mat, who wasn't a man of *many* words.

"Had any match lately?"

"There haint no fightin' dogs any more, since Bingo come forrerd."

"Bill Bruce is a blowin' around that *he's* got a *rat* that fights a bit; he *says* that he'd like to try him on your dog agin time."

"Will he put up on it that Bing can't make him squeal in two minutes?"

"I haint no fighter meself, but I don't mind going a century that your dog can't kill that there rat in two minutes?"

"Show cause?"

"I'm a bettin' me own money on this here; plank."

So they each planked a hundred in the hands of a mutual friend, and arrangements were at once made to have the match decided on the following day. In the meantime, "the combination," as you will understand, was "in" with the rat, and one or two bold spirits, having discovered where Mat kept his curious little dog, *went* for him; and the villainous combination went so far as to dose the little dog while he was pleasantly dreaming of the morrow's fray; and while he was under the influence of the laughing gas they extracted all his teeth, and left him in this strange and unnatural condition. Next day, when Mat sought his dog, he imagined he was a little downhearted, as dogs *will* get at times, but attributing it to a lack of fighting exercise of late, he was rather pleased than otherwise, and chuckled over the thought that in a little while Bingo we'd win him another hundred; so he takes him to the pit, where were already assembled quite a crowd of "knowing ones," and the respective friends of the disputants. Mat felt that he had such a dead sure thing of it, that he exclaimed:—

"Any you rat fellers got any chips?"

"My parents ain't *werry* wealthy," responded a careless looking spectator, "but I'll take two to one on this here scrimmage."

"How much?" asked Mat.

"Make it a thousand, for short," replied this careless looking person, and it was so made.

"Any more you rat chaps want to get on?" asked Mat, running over a fist full of greenbacks.

"I'll see you," cried another; "I've had the measles lately, but I'll gamble a couple of hundreds at the same odds." And soon Mat's large pile was invested.

The pit was cleared for action, and Bingo and the rat faced each other for the first time. This here rat was of the lean and lank sort, like he hadn't been very well fed, and his eyes twinkled as they gazed on the foe. Bingo acted so strangely that Mat couldn't make it out; the curious little dog kept a snappin his jaws and a lickin' of his chops, and a rubbin' hisself agin his proprietor, just like a mewlin infant, when he's got the colic, will sort o' hug close to the maternal fount, so to speak. So "time" was called, and the adversaries were let go; all Bingo's old time courage revived, as he met his contemptible and obscure opponent; he snapped at the rat, but his hold wasn't good, and the rat wriggled out of difficulty; the curious little dog made another snap, but he again lost his grip, and in turn that lean and lank looking rat bit Bingo right on the nose, drawing first blood. Already one minute of the time had elapsed, and you never saw a person look so queer as that there proprietor of the dog looked; but he wouldn't hedge—he knew his dog too well —so they had another go—this was a desperate fighting round—the dog *couldn't* keep his hold, couldn't worry the rat a bit, and Mat looked the picture of distress. "I never seen him act so before," said he, "and I've seen him kill a bigger rat than that there one in one snap; 'as, as, Bingo; catch him, lad." But it was no go, and the rat, encouraged by the fraudulent and futile efforts of his "contemporary," again put on the brakes, braced himself for a big effort, and once more Bingo's proboscis became chawed up like a bit of cheese, and the champion biter hollered like he had been run over by a passenger railroad car; the more the dog hollered, the more the rat held on—the taste of blood made him wild for more, and the way he scrunched that curious little dog's nose was very trying to the dog as well as to his proprietor.

"Time's up," said the gentleman who officiated.

"Let 'em fight it out," roared Mat, "till bet me diamond pin that Bingo kills him yet."

"How much is she wuth?" asked a profane witness of the sport.

"Two-fifty. Is it a go?"

"I'm with yer every time."

And so the revelry proceeded. The dog made extraordinary efforts, always got the rat's head in chancery, but his hold weakened, and then the rat began to chaw and chaw, until you would have got as sick as a mule to see the sufferings of that dog and the playfulness of that rat. In just ten minutes from the time the fight began Bingo was a dead corpse at the feet of his sanguinary foe, whose voracious jaws had to be pried open before the deceased could be released from his disastrous grip. Mat became an altered mag from that day. He gave up dogs of every kind. He never could make out what made Bingo act so strangely, and it was not until "the combination" had a row among themselves that he was made acquainted with the trick which had been played upon him.....And talking about cruelty to animals, a most distressing case of cruelty to a person has recently been brought to light in Iowa, where a female school teacher is charged with the heinous offence of *compelling* a male pupil, a boy without guile, to show her how he kissed the girls in the woodshed. Where is Mister Bergh? Happily for the cause of humanity, this inhuman school teacher has since been dismissed.....And now, dear friends and penitential pensioners, let us ask you a single question in all seriousness. "*Why* is G. L. Fox, in his various characters, like a veritable Richelieu? Because he is a great *card-in-all.*" This reminds us that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of us. Listen:—

If you to the Olympic go,
You'll get some fun, we bet.
Besides, no matter if you're poor,
When there *Rich'll* you get.

.....Leaves have their time to fall, as likewise have weary wayfarers as they wander over life's frigid and New York's frozen paths. Now, *why* should Manager Daly be made President of the Quick Transit Association? Because he enables you to see "Saratoga" and return in one evening. Which reminds us that

"That young girl from New Jersey"—
At least the papers tell—
Will soon be seen at Daly's,
When he shows his "Jessybel."

City Summary.

MESSRS. NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON have secured a lease of the lower Apollo Hall on Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway, for a minstrel hall. They will take possession of the premises on March 1st, and the alterations will commence at that time. The present interior will be entirely torn out and re-built. The auditorium is to contain a parquet and parquet circle, private boxes, etc., with one gallery, which will be called a dress circle. The entrance to the lower floor will be upon a direct level with the street, and there will be no steps to descend or ascend, save to reach the dress circle. It is the intention of the managers that the auditorium shall not be excelled in beauty of design and ornamentation and for the comfort of the audience by any theatre or hall in the city, and towards accomplishing that end no expense will be spared. The alterations will be made under the direction of Mr. Bensen Sherwood, at present the master machinist of Niblo's Garden, whose reputation in this repect is a sufficient guarantee of excellence. The location is a good one, in contiguity to a large number of our leading hotels and surrounded by first class residences. Mr. William Newcomb is one of the oldest managers of minstrelsy in this country, and likewise an excellent performer. He originated the dance entitled the "Essence of Old Virginny," and also delivered the best burlesque "Lecture on Woman's Rights" ever given upon any stage. For the past few years he has confined his efforts to the western country. Mr. William Arlington, one of the most popular end men in the business, has had large experience, both managerial and professional. The company, which has already been secured, embraces several performers who are local favorites, and some who have hitherto not appeared in this city, yet have a good provincial reputation. The managers promise to give a fresh impetus to minstrelsy by supplying an entertainment which shall be entirely novel. If they act with the energy and determination they promise, we see no reason why this new enterprise should not be successful. It is anticipated that the alterations will be completed and everything in readiness for opening early in April next.

THE STRASBOURG CONCERT AT STEINWAY HALL, on the evening of the 15th inst., attracted a full house. The artists who volunteered were Madame Ritter, mezzo soprano; the Misses Beebe, Sterling, Krebs and Tedesca, soprano; contralto, pianist and violinist, respecively; and Messrs. Hill, tenor; Remmertz, bass; Mills, pianist; Bergner, violoncellist; Warren, organist; Timm and Dachauer, piano accompanists; and T. L. Ritter, musical director. The programme was too classic for the miscellaneous audience assembled, but in part pleasing, the most so being Miss Fernanda Tedesca's accomplished performance on the violin, which was astonishing for so young a miss. Miss Sterling's contralto in duets and trio with Madame Ritter and Miss Beebe was beautifully sweet in tone, but Madame Ritter's vocal efforts were too *forte* and demonstrative for the concert boards, and did not chord well. The receipts must have swelled the Strasbourg fund considerably.

MISS VIRGINIA PARIS, an amateur *prima donna*, with a sweet, sympathetic soprano voice, achieved quite a success in "Maria di Rohan," under Sig. Barili's batonship, at the Union Club Theatre on the 15th inst. Miss Mooney's contralto was also much admired.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN some surprising feats have been performed during the past week, in the third act of the "Black Crook," by the Rizarelli Brothers, in a gymnastic act entitled "Le Perche." Although the act itself is a very familiar one, yet the feats accomplished by these brothers far excel any hitherto presented there. Their acrobatic feats in the second act were most enthusiastically applauded. The performances of the Majiltons, though their comicality excites the mirth of the audience, are really wonderful displays of gymnastic and pantomimic skill. But a few weeks now remain ere this spectacle will be withdrawn. Among the artists engaged to appear in "Richard III," which will be acted from the original text of Shakespeare, and not from Colley Cibber's version, are Mr. James Bennett, a man of small stature, about the height of the late Junius Brutus Booth, who will act Richard; Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., now playing at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, Pa, who will act the Earl of Richmond, and L. R. Shewell, who will make his re-appearance in the character of King Henry.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE on Monday evening, Feb. 13th, portions of four operas, with Mlles. Aimee, Silly, Persini and Thal in the leading *roles*, were announced. On Tuesday, owing to the withdrawal of Mlle. Silly, the bill was changed to the following:—First act of "La Perichole," second act of the "Duchess," and second act of "Barbe Bleue," with a grand *ballet* in each opera, which was played until Saturday. At the *matinee* of that day "La Grande Duchesse," and in the evening "La Perichole" were performed. On Sunday evening the seventh concert of the Ninth Regiment Band was given. The *ballet* troupe closed their engagement with the performances of Saturday evening, and go to Boston, Mass., where they will appear in the "Twelve Temptations."

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, "Richelieu," which has not proved artistically a success, is soon to give place to "Much Ado about Nothing." Mr. L. R. Barrett, an excellent actor, played the leading *role* in the "King of the Commons" on Saturday evening.

JAMES M. WEHLI, pianist, commenced a series of *matinees* at Booth's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Albert Weber, on Thursday, Feb. 16th, when he was assisted by Mme. Salvotte, soprano; Herr Remmertz, basso; Mr. McDonald, tenor, and George F. Colby, director. The attendance was quite good.

THE ONLY NOVELTY at the San Francisco Minstrels during the past week was an act by Rollin Howard entitled 'Oh! Ain't He Sweet on Me?' which was well sung and tastefully costumed. "Let Me Be" continued a feature. This troupe will close their season somewhat earlier than usual, rumor saith in April, and will travel through the country, extending their tour as far as San Francisco, Cal. Their engagement is a rather too far down town, and when they return it may be possible that they will appear in a new hall.

MISS LAURA KEENE continued her artistic portraiture of Mary Leigh in "Hunted Down" during the past week at Lina Edwin's Theatre. The character of the audiences has changed materially since Miss Laura's advent, and the prospect appears flattering for a permanent success. Many of the patrons and admirers of this artist in years that have passed are now nightly to be seen in the auditorium encouraging her by their presence. The performance is enjoyable, and the remembrance of an evening passed at this theatre will ever be recalled with pleasure.

"RICHELIEU OF THE PERIOD," at the Olympic, has been somewhat pruned in its verbage and the wall between the acts has been somewhat curtailed, which renders the performance much more enjoyable. Now that Mr. Forrest is playing "Richelieu," may we not expect to see Mr. Fox introduce some of his idiosyncracies in the part. A judicious mixture of the peculiarities of both the artists now playing the *role* might be made very comical.

THE REVIVAL of T. W. Robertson's most enjoyable comedy of "Home," which was enacted at Wallack's Theatre on Monday and Thursday evenings of the past week, attracted on the first of those a very large audience; in fact, every seat in the auditorium was filled and many persons were standing. It was acted with the same cast as on its original production there, with the exception of Dora Thornhaugh, which was performed in a pleasing and acceptable manner by Miss Helen Tracy. As the performance of this comedy was reviewed at length in these columns at the time of its initial production, we have nothing to add, save that the acting as a whole appeared even better than on that occasion. The performance concluded with a farce entitled "Blue Devils." It is very seldom that farces are acted at this theatre, and the one selected was of great age, it having been first acted at Covent Garden, London, Eng., in 1798, with the great Fawcett in the character of Megrim, which character found a fitting representative in Mr. J. H. Stoddart. His portrayal of the idiosyncracies of a rich Englishman, tired of life, who is determined to commit suicide, was faithful to nature, and the gravity assumed became very droll from surrounding circumstances. Mr. Williamson gave a very clever impersonation of the bumpkin, James, and was liberally applauded. Mr. Lanagan as the Landlord, and Miss Tracey as his daughter, Annette, were both effective. On Tuesday evening "Ours" was again presented. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings "The Clandestine Marriage" was acted for the third and fourth times, and "Money" was performed on the Friday evening and Saturday *matinee*.

MR. W. B. HARRISON has been engaged for the coming season with Barnum's Mammoth Museum, Menagerie and Circus, as improvisator, comic vocalist, lecturer, exhibitor of Admiral Dot and other curiosities. The circus department of the exhibition will be under the management of Messrs. Coup and Castello.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, during the past week, the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia" and the melo-drama entitled "Norah Creina" have constituted the programme for every evening and the Saturday *matinee*. The burlesque, which is not a good one, had not even novelty to recommend it, as it was played some time since at the Waverley Theatre. The cast was by no means a strong one, and it was only passably acted. Mr. W. B. Cahill and Miss Alice Atherton, late of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, appeared as the "Dook" and Liveretto, both of which parts were fairly acted. L. J. Mestayer's Lucretia Borgia and Miss Alice Harrison's Gennaro were respectably acted. Some of the incidental features of the burlesque were excellent, particularly the double song and dance by the Misses Alice Harrison and Theresa Wood, and a clog dance by Miss Alice Atherton, both of which were *encored*. In "Norah Creina" Mr. T. W. Keene evinced considerable melo-dramatic talent. The usual *matinees* the Coleman children, four in number—Louis, aged 12 years; Ciara, aged 7 years; Alice, aged 11 years, and Walter—appeared in the "Loan of a Lover," "Nan the Good for Nothing" and the "Swiss Cottage." Their engagement closed with the performance of Friday last. This evening Mr. E. Eddy, a favorite actor, will appear in the spectacular drama entitled "Monte Cristo." Some considerable time has elapsed since Mr. Eddy acted in New York, and we doubt not his numerous admirers will heartily welcome his return to the metropolitan boards.

MLLE. LEAH, *premiere danseuse;* Charley Kimie, Dutch vocalist, and Hawley and Miaco, aerial gymnasts, were the fresh faces that appeared at the Theatre Comique during the past week. Mlle. Leah is a graceful dancer, who has evidently learned her art in a good school. She is agile, and her dancing is particularly characterized for rapidity of motion. She has become a favorite with the audiences, and shares the applause with Mlle. Galleti, one of the best dancers in this country. Charley Kimie, who has a peculiarly eccentric style, and an abundance of dry humor, sang some three or four songs, with rapid changes of costume, in a pleasing manner. Hawley and Miaco are agile performers, who exhibit much grace and daring; their feats were accomplished with confidence, and the leap from the trapeze to a single rope suspended at some distance, which was reached after turning a somersault in mid-air, is deserving of special commendation. Although a strong net was used it was not called into requisition. Hughey Dougherty's drum solo, with imitations, was enthusiastically received, and the performers of the regular company appeared in a number of specialties, which were well performed.

AN EXHIBITION DRILL AND PROMENADE of the Company K, Eighth Regiment, will be given at the State Arsenal, corner of Seventh avenue and Thirty-fifth street, on Wednesday evening, March 1st.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS will shortly leave the city to renew their professional engagements. They play a four weeks' engagement in Philadelphia, Pa., commencing Feb. 27th, after which they will visit Albany, N. Y., where they will play two weeks. It is quite probable that they will play a brief engagement in this city upon their return.

MESSRS. CUNNINGHAM AND DOW, dramatic agents, 636 Broadway, make the following announcements through our advertisement columns:—Managers desiring to engage Jennie Benson, clogist; Col. Routh Goshen, the Arabian giant comedian; the Union Brothers, acrobats and pantomimists; John C. Campbell, who appears in his sensational play "Pomp;" Charles Foster, comedian, or the Hernandez Foster Troupe of Pantomimists, can negotiate through them; and they act as agents for John K. Mortimer, who has a new play entitled "Cast Upon the World," which he is prepared to produce for a limited number of nights.

THERE IS NO DIFFICULTY now in getting an outfit for theatres or performances, for the advertising columns of the CLIPPER tell you where and of whom to get scenery, fixtures, costumes and everything appertaining to the wants of the profession. Outsiders would have but a faint idea of the amount of business transacted by dealers in this line of trade; orders are pouring in upon them from all parts of the country—amateurs and regulars alike seek their good offices and assistance in furnishing their theatres and costuming their people. Look over the advertising columns of the CLIPPER—you will find no dry reading there, but may learn a wrinkle or two you never thought of before.

MASTER GEORGIE MELVILLE, the second son of James Melville, the Australian equestrian, will make his *debut* this evening, Feb. 20th, at the New York Circus, in Fourteenth street, as a bareback somersault rider. He has been for many months past under the immediate tutelage of his father, and as he is a youth of only fourteen years of age, it is believed that he is the youngest equestrian in the world in his specialty. In addition to his performances for the present week, a new *entree* entitled "Sham Man's Buff," will be performed by M'lle Rolland, the Misses Edgar, Davis, Madigan, and Mr. Nat Austin. The *ballonte* leaps will be continued, in which Mr. Dutton will display his excellence in the height of his leaps, while Mr. Allen will evince his superiority in the length of the same, and the comic *ballet* of the "Cobbler's Frolic" will terminate the performances. Grand *matinees* will be given on Wednesday and Saturday, in honor of the anniversary of Washington's birthday. As the time for the inauguration of the tenting season is rapidly approaching, the performances by this excellent company are necessarily limited.

THE EUTERPE ASSOCIATION gave a concert on the evening of the 16th inst., at Association Hall, at which Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" was the choral selection, with Miss Ada Rosenbergh as the solo vocalist. The lady gives a concert on her own account, at Steinway Hall, on the 27th.

"SARATOGA" commences the tenth week of its successful career this evening, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and although the last nights of its performance continue to be announced, it is difficult to say when it will be withdrawn. Boucicault's last drama, entitled "Jessabel," is ready for production when the paying public tire of "Saratoga," which seems inclined to "remain in the spot where (it) originally fell."

MR. EDWIN FORREST terminated his performances of King Lear at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Friday evening last, and on the Saturday afternoon and evening Miss Effie Johns repeated her clever performance of Pauchon. This evening, Feb. 20th, Mr. Forrest will perform Richelieu in the historical play of that name. He was, we believe, the original impersonator of that *role* in America, and in it he stands without a compeer.

A NEW VARIETY THEATRE is about to be built on the southeast corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street, for Messrs. R. W. Butler and E. G. Gilmore, the present managers of the Theatre Comique, which they have conducted with signal ability for some time past. A lease for ten years has been secured by the Union Place Hotel, and at a distance of about sixty feet from Broadway, in the centre of that property, a plot of ground about fifty-five feet in width by about one hundred and forty feet in depth will be appropriated for the purpose of the theatre, while the balance of the property will remain in its present condition. The entrance will be upon Fourteenth street, about fifteen feet in width, with stores on either side. The auditorium of the theatre will have upon the ground floor, the entrance to which will be on a level with the street, an orchestra and parquet, with private boxes on either side of the proscenium, not upon a level with the stage, but built upon the floor of the auditorium in the style of those at the Broadway Theatre, corner of Broome street and Broadway, prior to its destruction. Above the lower floor will be two tiers, a dress circle and a gallery—the latter will be very capacious, holding about 1,500 persons. The entire lower portion of the auditorium will be supplied with folding chairs of the latest pattern, and the entire interior will be decorated in the highest style of art. Everything that can conduce to the comfort of its patrons, which can be procured with money and skill, will be introduced. The stage will be about thirty-five feet in depth and constructed after the latest and most approved models. Legal possession will be obtained by May 1st, and it is anticipated that the theatre will be ready for opening by July 1st, although it is possible that for a consideration the present tenants may be induced to yield possession at an earlier day, in which event the opening date may be anticipated. It is the intention to erect one of the finest theatres in the country, and in its management the untiring industry and enterprise of the managers will have full scope, as, in addition to their own pecuniary resources, they are backed with capital by a gentleman, well-known in political circles, of great wealth. We are creditably informed that it will be the intention to place before the public all the principal variety artists of this country in rapid succession, while liberal inducements will be offered English artists of note for an appearance here. The building of this theatre in its proposed locality is typical of the rapid up-town movement of all kinds of business. That the enterprise will be highly successful we doubt not, as the past career of their management fully guarantees. They pay liberal salaries, but have never been known to give an artist three or four times his worth to draw him away from a rival establishment. Mons. La Thorne, one of the most efficient stage managers in the business, we are happy to state, will be retained at the new theatre, which will be a sufficient guarantee of excellence in that department.

VIENNA DEMOREST, the young composer and vocalist, is to give a private full dress musical *soiree*, at Chickering's new hall, on Saturday evening, Feb. 25th.

A GRAND MEMORIAL CONCERT, in honor of the late Carl Anschutz, was given in Steinway Hall on Sunday evening, Feb. 19th, on which occasion the following eminent talent, who had volunteered their services, took part in the performance:—Mme. Marie Seebach, the great tragedienne; Mme. Anna Bishop, soprano; Mme. De Lussan, soprano; Mlle. Pauline Canissa, mezzo-soprano; Mlle. Adelaide Manscon, pianist; W. Candidus, tenor; Mr. C. Fach, tenor; Alves, tenor; Mr. F. Remmertz, baritone; Jos. Weinlich, basso; S. B. Mills, pianist; J. Poznansky, violinist; F. Bergner, vio oncellist; S. P. Warren, organist; H. Harry, dramatic artist; Messrs. Chas. Fradel and Schreiner, conductors.

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, has removed to his new offices at 718 Broadway, a full description of which is published in another column. Lucy Rushton, comedienne; the Coleman Children, versatile artists and vocalists; Mrs. M. L. Seymour, old woman and heavies; Chas. Parker, clown; Kynock and Smith, roller skaters; the Walhalla Troupe, and other artists are prepared to accept engagements through Mr. Brown, who also has for sale a panorama and a Punch and Judy show, and desired to engage a well formed young lady to assist Lila and Zoe, gymnasts.

MESSRS. RIGGS & FITZGERALD, dramatic agents, 542 Broadway, publish cards in another column, to which we refer managers and the profession. Quilter and Goldrich, song and dance artists, and the WILSONS, gymnasts, can be engaged through them.

THE SEVERE STORMS of the past week, which greatly incommoded travel, equine and pedestrian, seriously interfered with the attendance at the various places of amusement in the city during a portion of the week. Toward the latter part the attendance improved.

IN HONOR OF THE ANNIVERSARY RECURRENCE of the birthday of George Washington, *matinee* performances are announced at Niblo's Garden, Lina Edwin's Theatre, Theatre Comique, the Bowery, Tony Pastor's and the New York Circus.

A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE of "Il Trovatore" will be given at the Academy of Music this evening, Feb. 20th, for the benefit of the Samaritans' Home, when the following artists will participate in the appended cast:—Leonora, Miss Nininger; Azucena, Madame Gazzaniga; Manrico, Signor Leoni; Count di Luna, Signor Reina, aided by Grand Orchestra and full chorus, with Carl Bergmann, conductor.

A CHURCH CONCERT was given at Association Hall, on the 18th inst., at which Madame Anna Bishop and Messrs. Wehli and Simpson took part. It was for the benefit of St. Peter's Church.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, on Monday evening, 13th inst., a new drama, entitled "Pomp," written by J. J. McClosky, was produced for the first time. It was written for the express purpose of introducing to the dramatic stage Mr. J. C. Campbell, who has hitherto acquired distinction in the minstrel halls. Mr. Campbell's acting is rather uneven; in such scenes as closely assimilate to those usually performed by him in the minstrel business, he was excellent, but in others he forgot the dialect and appropriate action. Still, regarded as a first attempt upon the dramatic stage, it may be pronounced creditable. The drama was entirely too long. It will admit of considerable pruning, and if partially rewritten may prove more enjoyable. The houses have been crowded during the week. "Man and Tiger," a comic drama, concluded the performance. Mr. Edmund R. Dalton, who has been engaged as leading man, *vice* E. T. Stetson, who has withdrawn, is underlined for an early appearance.

AT BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE the novelties of the past week have been a plantation scene, arranged by J. W. McAndrews, and entitled "Carry the News to Mary," in which Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour, McAndrews, Brockway, Warren, Sully and others appeared. It created much mirth. Dave Reed, as a drum major, gave excellent imitations of the snare drum with the bones. In "Pompey's Blunders," Nelse Seymour and Dan Bryant were very funny. "Coco; or, the Monkey of the Period," concluded the performances.

LITTLE OR NO CHANGE in the programme was offered at Tony Pastor's during the week just closed. It was probably not necessary, as the female minstrels continue to be the chief attraction, and serve to crowd the auditorium nightly without the aid of novelties. The songs and witticisms in this part of the bill have been freshened. Nearly all the artists of the previous week remain, and the only fresh appearance has been Mons. Alexandre, a magician, whose performances afford an agreeable relief to the other acts.

MRS. ELLA CLYMER will make her *debut* upon the dramatic stage at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Saturday evening, Feb. 25th, in the character of Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons." She will receive efficient support from

matic company in Marysville, the Carandina Operatic and Ballad Troupe (mentioned in my communication of last week) will occupy the Metropolitan Theatre and give a series of three of their pleasing entertainments. ..... The Proctor Dramatic Company are to return on the 16th inst., and will produce, with new scenery and effects, the play of 'Under the Gaslight.' ..... Miss Rose Evans, the young Australian actress, now playing at the California Theatre, San Francisco, is announced to appear, under Mr. Proctor's management, on the 20th inst. ..... Theatricals in Nevada are at a standstill, and with the exception of a performance given for the benefit of Miss Sue Robinson, at Piper's Opera House, in Virginia City, on the 4th inst., no dramatic entertainments have taken place since the departure of the Proctor companies. Miss Robinson's benefit was a success in every particular, and the popularity of the lady was fully attested by the large audiences in attendance, despite the snow storm raging. I hear it rumored that this lady intends visiting the east this summer."

AN ATTRACTIVE LEADING LADY is wanted for Lannier's Dramatic Constellation. Address as per advertisement.

AT DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, Mo., Miss Leona Cavender closed an engagement of six nights and a *matinee*, on Saturday, 11th, having appeared during the week in her piece called "Minnie's Luck," concerning which our correspondent, "Agra," writing on Feb. 17th, says:—"Business was not very good, but her acting, songs, dances and banjo playing, received considerable applause. On Monday, the 13th, she was succeeded by Oliver Doud Byron, in his piece 'Across the Continent,' which has drawn fair houses up to date. The piece is an excellent one, as regards situations and effects, and Mr. Byron is a clever, pleasing and energetic actor, conditions which go far towards insuring success. Little Carrie McHenry plays Dolore very well indeed. She came near meeting with quite a serious accident on Wednesday night. In the first scene of the first act the set represents a room in the second story of a building, and the stool upon which Carrie was sitting, tilted, through a crack in the platform, precipitating her over the edge of the floor on to the stage, a direct fall of about twelve feet. Fortunately she sustained no severer injuries than a slight bruise on the head and a little fright. Mr. Rogers deserves much credit for his excellent rendition of Johnny O'Dwyer, and Mr. Mackway for that of the negro, Cæsar Augustus. Mr. Krone appeared to good advantage as John Adderly and Mr. Norman rendered the part of Thos. Goodwin, senior, in a pleasing manner. Mr. Stone, too, is good as Giovanni, the Italian organ grinder, and Mrs. Pennoyer played Louisa Goodwin with her accustomed correctness. To-night, Friday, the 17th, is Mr. Byron's benefit. I must not omit mentioning that on Wednesday afternoon, the 15th, a *matinee* was given for the benefit of 'The little church around the corner,' and a full house was in attendance. 'Across the Continent' was the bill, and Mr. Byron and the whole company volunteered their services. Receipts amounted to nearly $300. On Saturday evening, the 18th, George J. Jones, the treasurer, takes a benefit, when Mr. Byron will make his last appearance. On Monday, the 20th, Little Nell, the 'California Diamond,' opens in 'Katy Did.' "

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS IN TROY, N. Y., are thus commented upon by our correspondent, "Mose," writing under date of Feb. 18th:—"The attendance at the Griswold Opera House has been like angel's visits, few and far between, owing to the excellent sleighing we have had during the week. The Trojans are heavy on sleighing parties, no less than sixty taking place during the week. Lucy Rushton commenced a week's engagement on the 13th, opening in the 'Sea of Ice.' The same play was repeated on the 14th. On the 15th the sensational and exciting drama of 'Red Hands' was presented, with Miss Rushton in her original character of Rachel Harman, supported by Mr. John Ferris as Hugh Ravenhill, Mr. H. W. Mitchell as Walter Harman, Mr. Geo. C. Davenport as Crockett, Miss Laura Paige as Agnes and Kate Quinton as Jessie Steer. Evidently the sparse attendance discouraged Miss R. somewhat, and she did NOT 'let herself out,' as the base ball boys say. 'Red Hands' held the boards the balance of the week. Concerning this drama and its performance the local papers speak as follows. From the *Troy Daily Press* of Feb. 16th:—

"Red hands" at the Opera House last night. The play is one of the finest of its character that has ever been produced in this city, and Miss Rushton plays the part of Rachael Harman to perfection.

From the same paper of the 14th.

The audience that was present last night at the Opera House, on the occasion of the *debut* in this city of Lucy Rushton, was not as large as it should have been, for a more meritorious actress is seldom seen in Troy. Artistically speaking, the performance was a complete success, and was worthy of a crowded house.

From the *Troy Daily Whig*, of Feb. 18th.

OPERA HOUSE.—RED HANDS.—"Red Hands" is decidedly one of the best of the sensational pieces now being played upon the American stage. As a play of absorbing interest throughout, we are compelled to say that its rendition by Miss Rushton is wonderfully thrilling. The abundance of romantic incidents in the piece are splendidly and most artistically used to crowd the presentation with interest from the rising of the curtain to its fall. We strongly recommend all to attend. The play, both at the *matinee* and this evening, will be "Red Hands."

AMUSEMENTS IN CHICAGO, ILL., are reported as follows, by our correspondent, in a letter dated Feb. 16th:—"The most notable event of the week, in the amusement line, took place this afternoon, at the Opera House, the occasion being a grand testimonial benefit for the 'Little Church around the Corner.' The entire theatrical and minstrel profession generously volunteered their services for the good work; the daily press donated the printing; Mr. Albert Crosby kindly tendered the use of the Opera House; Broadway Brothers and Treyser, the bill distributing and posting. The testimonial was gotten up under the direction of Joseph Wheelock, J. W. Blaisdell, J. W. Jennings and Owen Fawcett, to whom the greater share of credit belongs, for the admirable manner in which the worthy testimonial was carried through. The box office was opened on Monday for the sale of tickets, and before night there was not a ticket to be had at any price. The house was literally packed, and hundreds were turned away, not being able to effect an entrance. The performance commenced with an overture by John Bernard's orchestra, producing some charming music; then J. A. Frederick sang 'The Little Church Around the Corner,' in a style that gained him encores; then Haselmayer, with his trained birds, followed; then Brandini gave us the ballad, 'Let Me Like a Soldier Fall,' in his accustomed pleasing style; then came Billy Rice and J. R. Campbell in the roaring sketch of Tragic Revivals;' Johnson or Powers (which not positively known) in a clever and well executed song and dance, followed by Eugene *a la* Nilsson, Mullaly's orchestra doing the honors during the performance of Hooley's minstrels; Hogan, Hughes, Rogers and Martin then gave the Clodoche dance, which is all the rage at Mannings; Hunneman's orchestra discoursed some really fine music; the mirth provoking sketch of the 'Mutton Trial' gave Bob Hart, Manning, Cotton and Kemble ample scope for displaying their talent and the uncles in any they did their level best. The performance concluded with Buckstone's comedy of 'Married Life,' with Aiken's Museum company in the first act, McVicker's in the second act, and Allen's Globe company in the third act. Everything connected with the entertainment passed off pleasantly, and the immense audience seemed well pleased with the performance. The nett proceeds amount to $1,900. ..... The rushing Gottmer, Kate Fisher, with her fiery, untamed steed, 'Wonder,' is doing the largest business of the season at Allen's Globe Theatre the current week. Of course, 'Mazeppa,' with the fair star in her renowned character of Mazep, is the all attractive feature. The 'French Spy' is underlined. Mlle. Geraldine, a prepossessing young lady, executes a fancy dance between the acts, and does the leap for life very cleverly. Miss Fisher remains a month, and is followed by Lizzie Neil for two weeks. Bob McWade will soon appear as Rip. ..... Manager Aiken is once more ahead of his competitors, having produced Bouicault's latest work, entitled 'Jezebel,' for the first time in America, on the 13th, to a reasonable sized audience. The play is of a melo-dramatic class, with rather an interesting plot, and some remarkably strong characters. The heroine of the piece, Madame D'Artignes, is particularly adapted to Mrs. Allen's style of acting, and it is safe to say that character receives full justice at her hands. Sue Cluer gives a praiseworthy rendition of Gretchen. Mrs. Stoneall's Lucille, Blaisdell's George D'Artignes, R. C. White's Revel, Jennings' Captain Breitman, and Fawcett's Cristol, are capitally rendered. Prof. Geo. Stevens, musical director, takes a complimentary ben. Friday night. ..... Lucille Western was engaged to appear at McVicker's on Monday last, but was taken sick and was prevented from keeping her engagement. We are pleased to state that she has recovered, and will probably open in 'East Lynne' on the 20th. 'Under the Gaslight' was run up at short notice and creditably enacted by the company, the 13th, 14th and 15th, to light houses. Last night 'Nick of the Woods' and 'Handy Andy' were presented, with Jas. Herne in the last named play. The management have perfected arrangements with Charles Fechter and Miss Le Clerq. They will appear at an early date."

THE LINA EDWIN BURLESQUE TROUPE, consisting of the following principal artists, the Misses Lina Edwin, Belle Howitt, Lizzie Maddern, Nellie Jones, Mrs. France, Messrs. M. W. Ledlugwell, Harry Hotto, Rooney and Evans, is announced to appear in the Lina House, Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 20th, 21st, 24th and 25th.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON is the attraction at Griswold's Opera House, Troy, for the week, opening on the 20th with "Across the Continent." This is his second engagement in Troy this season.

FOX & DENIER'S Troupe of pantomimists are announced to appear at the Opera House, Troy, N.Y., on the 27th, for one week.

A NEW DRAMA entitled "The Volunteer" was produced in Norwich, Conn., under the patronage of Post Sedgwick, G. A. R., on Feb. 16th, and was played four nights. It was placed upon the stage under the direction of J. F. Crosseu.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE IN KANSAS CITY, Mo., Miss Lucille Western is announced an engagement on Feb. 6th, supported by Jam s A. Herne, and opening in "East Lynne" to a good house. Concerning the engagement we glean the following particulars from several letters from that city dated Feb. 13th and 14th:—Miss Western was laboring under a severe cold, caused by the rapid change of temperature in journeying from New Orleans, La., to that city. She was ably supported by Frank Murdock as Carlyle, Mr. Shiels as Earl Mount Severn, Thompson as Dill and Mr. Gaston as Richard Hare. Miss Annie Moston acted Barbara Hare in a charming manner, while Miss Edstrom made a decided hit as Miss Corney. Mrs. Murdock's Joyce Haliohn was all that could be desired. On the 7th Miss Western was too ill to appear, and Miss Alice Gray played her *role*, that of Leah, at short notice, which she acted finely. During the performance she was twice called before the curtain. On Wednesday "Oliver Twist" was acted, with Miss Gray as Nancy Sykes, Mr. Herne as Bill Sykes and Mr. Charles Pope as Fagin. On Thursday "Much Ado About Nothing" was performed. On Friday "East Lynne" was performed, and Miss Western re-appeared. On Saturday, at the *matinee*, "Leah" was repeated, but Miss Western was suffering from a relapse and did not appear. In the evening Mr. Herne appeared in the "Rag Picker of Paris" and "Handy Andy."

THE GREENWALL BROTHERS, while awaiting the completion of their new theatre in Galveston, Texas, which will be finished, it is anticipated, on Feb. 25th, have been playing their company in Houston. The following artists compose the stock company:—The Misses Augusta Dargon, Frankie McClellan, Mattie Maddern, Annie and Kate Tyson, Mrs. M. C. Daly, Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Messrs. Frank Evans, T. J. Hind, A. H. Davenport, G. A. Mortimer, J. Gobey, George Jordan, Jr., M. C. Daly, Mr. Hert, Vining Bowers, E. A. Eberle and J. A. Burns.

OUR CLEVELAND, O., correspondent, who has been absent from that city for the past month, has returned, and again resumed his duties. Concerning theatricals he sends us the following report:—"J. K. Emmett's engagement at the Academy of Music terminated in his refusing to play on the 11th inst., either at the *matinee* or evening performance, on account of a sore foot, which did not prevent him from playing at his benefit on the 10th. His engagement did not prove an immense success financially, and the daily papers were outspoken in their expressions at his conduct. The support rendered him by the company and little Nellie Irving (who came from Pittsburgh through the kindness of her parents to play Little Fritz) was good. On the 13th Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence opened a fortnight's engagement with 'Inshavogue' and 'Yankee Housekeeper' to a fair house. The same bill was repeated on the 14th to a much better house; 15th and 16th, 'Colleen Bawn,' in which Mrs. Florence plays Annie Chute for the first time here."

CHAS. ARNOTT, clown and pantomimist, who is at present performing at Chicago, is very favorably noticed by the press of that city, as, will be seen by extracts published in another column.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Miss Maggie Mitchell, in "Little Barefoot," opened the second week of her engagement on Monday, 13th inst. Our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"She appeared as Amby, Geo. Howard as Jemmy, her brother, Harry B. Hadaon as William Peace, W. M. Ward as Farmer Peace, Amelia Hartel as Dame Peace, Mrs. Annie Chester as Rose, G. K. Fortescue as Hempfarmer, P. A. Anderson as Krippinensor, etc. On Saturday, 11th inst., at the *matinee*, 'Panchon' drew the largest audience ever convened within the theatre. Ladies gladly accepted seats in the gallery. 'Little Barefoot,' the companion piece to 'Panchon,' was run for three evenings of this week to houses somewhat diminished on account of the City Passenger Railroad Company salting the streets and making them almost impassable. On Thursday, 16th, for the first time in our city, Clifton W. Tayleure's dramatization of 'Jane Eyre' was produced. The piece drew an overflowing audience. It is worthy of note that it ran very smoothly for a first production, and was magnificently mounted with new scenery and stage furniture. The respective parts were each sustained in an unexceptional manner by the stock company. Repetition on Friday, for Miss Maggie Mitchell's benefit. Saturday *matinee* 'Little Barefoot,' and in the evening 'Jane Eyre.' On Monday, 20th, a dramatization of a German Idyllic story, 'Over Yonder.' .....At the Front Street Theatre Comique, on Monday, 13th inst., seven more new stars put in an appearance, viz. Sig. Gaston, fire king and Illusionist; Cotton and Archer, Ethiopian comedians; Dan Dougherty, in his musical performances upon ten instruments; Kincade and Sons, gymnasts; Miss Emma Grattan, protean vocalist, and Mlle. Conchita-Ronzati, tight rope and terpsichorean artist. Two new *ballets*, entitled the 'Lily' and the 'Queen Flies in the Fairy Realm,' have also been features in the programme, besides new Ethiopian sketches and the musical, *ballet divertissement* of the 'White Fawn.' The new faces have met with a cordial greeting from the usually crowded audiences. On the 14th, Miss Sallie Apt, *danseuse* and vocalist, was the recipient of a testimonial benefit; the house was filled to overflowing and many were turned away. A feature in the programme was the appearance of the fair *beneficiaire* in the farce of 'Nan, the Good for Nothing.' The Kiraify troupe are booked for the 13th of March."

THEATRICALS in Buffalo, N. Y., are thus commented upon by our correspondent, "Typo," writing on February 18th:—"The past week has been one long to be remembered by those who enjoy fine comedy personations. Mr. John E. Owens has played at the Academy of Music to crowded houses nightly. The plays for Monday evening were 'The Poor Gentleman' and 'Solon Shingle.' On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings 'Solon Shingle' was repeated, together with the 'Live Indian.' Mr. Owens appeared in three characters, in each of which the risibilities of the audience were provoked to their fullest extent. 'The Victims' and 'Forty Winks,' with Mr. Owens as Joshua Butterby and Horatio Sprigins, respectively, were produced on Thursday evening. The Misses Lanagan and Langley, Mrs. Hodges and Messrs. Halford and Hodges acquitted themselves finely. For Mr. Owens' benefit, on Friday evening, the previous night's bill was repeated. This afternoon, for the *matinee*, 'Solon Shingle' will be be repeated, and this evening Mr. Owens' last appearance, the last named play and the 'Happiest Day of My Life' will be given. Mr. Owens is under the management of Mr. C. W. Tayleure, to whom I desire to express my obligations for courtesies received. During the whole week the stock company did extremely well and their efforts deserve special commendation. On Monday evening, 20th, Mr. J. A. Hodges, second low comedian, takes his first benefit, on which occasion his daughter Clara will make her *debut* as Violet, in Boucicault's drama of 'Life in London.' The performance will conclude with the comedietta of the 'Alpine Swains.' Mr. Hodges is a deserving actor, possessing many good points in his line. No star is engaged for the three following nights, but on Friday evening, 24th, Maretzek's German Opera Troupe will inaugurate a series of three performances, appearing in the opera of the 'Jewess,' at the Saturday *matinee* in 'Stradella,' and in the evening in 'Don Giovanni.' "

JOHN MURRAY played in Haverhill, Mass., on Feb. 15th in a drama entitled "Treason."

WYZEMAN MARSHALL played at the Athenæum, Taunton, Mass., on Feb. 18th, under the management of Locke and Leslie. He appeared in the "Rag Picker of Paris."

J. L. HALL'S BURLESQUE COMPANY, from the late Adelphi Theatre, in Boston, Mass., are announced to appear in Taunton, Mass., on Feb. 20th.

T. J. HINDMON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY re-appeared at Illion, N. Y., on Feb. 15th, being their fifth visit to that town this season. The opening play was "East Lynne."

AMUSEMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., are thus written about by our correspondent "Sir Toby," under date of Feb. 11th:—"Miss Rose Evans on the 6th commenced the third and last week of her engagement at the California Theatre, by playing Mildred Craddock in 'Blow for Blow.' Now, as Miss Evans had merely to dress in black, powder her face to give it a pallid hue, be interesting, which she couldn't help, seeing how young, fresh and pretty she is, it is not worth while dwelling on her performance. The event of the week has been the farewell to the stage of the veteran actor, Charles R. Thorne, Sr. The theatre was crammed, the aisles were lined with stools and not a few unfortunates, having no seats, fringed the back walls. The audience consisted of the very best order of play goers our city can muster. The feeling that went forth as old man Thorne made his appearance was tender and it was pleasant to note that the final exit of the veteran should be from an atmospere so warm and bright. But to the performance—first came 'The Lady of Lyons,' with the following distribution of characters:—

Claude Melnotte	J. McCullough
Col. Damas	H. Edwards
Beauseant	Jas. Carden
Glavis	J. A. Smith
Deschappelles	S. W. Leach
Landlord	Geo. French
Gaspar	E. J. Buckley
Pauline	Miss Rose Evans
Mad. Deschappelles	Mrs. Judah
Widow Melnotte	Mrs. Saunders
Marian	Miss Davenport

Then followed Mr. Stephen Massett in a recitation of 'The Cripple's Story,' also in imitations of character. The curtain then rose on 'The Old Guard of Napoleon the First,' with the following distribution of characters:—

Haverack	Chas. R. Thorne, Sr
Beauville	J. A. Smith
Henry	E. J. Buckley
Rawson	Geo. French
Lady Beauville	Miss M. Hodges
Mad. Deschappelles	Mrs. E. Buckley

That over, Mlle Moriacchi appeared, and after a beautiful exhibition of her art in the 'Bee Dance,' the entertainment was at an end. Of course, all interest was centred on Thorne's last performance. He seemed unusually inspired, and the little sketch of the 'French Imperial Guardsman' grew under his hand in all the mellowness and richness that is suggested by the method of the old school. Mr. Thorne was called out to the footlights after the fall of the curtain, and made a brief speech. He alluded to Mr. McCullough in very warm terms, and thought theatre-goers were fortunate in having such an actor at the head of dramatic affairs. He expressed his obligations to the company, and, in a fervent manner, thanked the audience for the warm reception extended to him. He had been on the stage forty-one years, had played many parts and in many places—in all the cities of the United States—in fact, in the four quarters of the globe—but nowhere had he found audiences that pleased him so well as those of San Francisco. Mr. Thorne then walked to one side of the stage, and then to the other, facing the audience, and returning to the centre, held out his hands in an affecting manner, as a gust of applause swept through the theatre. Slowly, very slowly, he retired toward the wings, in a moment would have disappeared, but starting forward with sudden impulse, uttered a feeling 'God bless you,' and then—Chas. R. Thorne's stage career had ended. The performances for the rest of the week were repetitions, being 'Court and Stage' on the 9th, 'Romeo and Juliet' (for benefit of Miss Evans) on the 10th and 'The Lady of Lyons' on the 11th. During her stay Miss Evans has excited much admiration. She is fair to look upon. She is but nineteen, and that is a loveable age. She is, indeed, the rosebud of tragediennes. There is a brightness and often a softness and tenderness in her acting that is quite charming. She is, I think, certain to be in this country a *popular* actress. If she could be persuaded to drop for a few years some of the heavy charcters attempted here, she would rise in critical esteem. Hamlet, Lucretia Borgia, Leah and Elizabeth may be assumed in the flush of physical power, but now Nell Gwynne, Pauline, Parthenia and Juliet suit her much better. She opens a short season at Sacramento on the 13th. On Monday, Feb. 13th, will be produced at this theatre the spectacular drama of 'Massaniello,' with new scenery by Porter; a full chorus of singers under the direction of S. W. Leach, and a *corps de ballet*, having Moriacchi and Marzetti for *premieres*. The cast will include McCullough, Carden, Mestayer, Raymond, Thayer, Buckley, Miss May Howard, Rose Shewell and Moriacchi."

MARIAN TAYLOR, burlesque artist and comedienne, can be engaged through her agent, Jas. A. Brown.

J. A. STEVENS received a farewell benefit at the Academy of Music, Omaha, Neb., on Feb. 18th.

ON ACCOUNT of the ice embargo Mr. Wallack did not take his company over to Brooklyn last week. They are to appear at the Academy, however, on Wednesday, Feb. 22d.

MR. BROUGHAM'S second week's performances at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, were witnessed by very good houses. The past week presented Incledon in the role of the "Merchant of Venice" and "Pocahontas" and the comedy piece of "Married Life," "Spectre Bridegroom," &c. This week the frequenters of the Park are to have presented to them Howard's drama of "Saratoga," with new scenery and a cast embracing Miss Minnie Conway as Effie Remington, Mrs. Carroll as the Widow, and the Misses Bates, Browning, Gordon, Bryan, and Messrs. Lamb, Carroll,, Chippendale, &c., in the other characters. A "Saratoga" *matinee* will be given on Saturday.

A GENTLEMAN, who can be addressed care of this office, desires an engagement with a responsible theatrical manager or agent.

MR. WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., died in Cincinnati, O., on Feb. 9d, in the sixty-third year of his age. His mother was the sister of John Durang, of the old American Theatre company. The latter was the father of the late Charles Durang, who wrote a history of the Philadelphia stage. In early life he entered the business house of Trotter & Morrell, and when that firm retired from business, now some thirty years since, he went to Cincinnati, O., and entered into business with one of the partners of the former house, and afterwards was of the firm of Ernst & Gallagher, both of which were engaged in the dry goods trade. He, some few years since, retired from business, and has since devoted his time to literary pursuits. In his will he desired that a work got up by him, containing the original play-bills of Edwin Forrest, should be given to that gentleman, to be preserved in the library which Mr. Forrest proposes to give to the use of the dramatic profession at his death.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE will close their present engagement in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 11th, and then will open at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 13th, where they will play until the 25th inclusive; thence to the Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., for six nights, commencing March 27th; thence to the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., six nights, commencing April 8th; thence to Savannah, Ga., for six nights, commencing April 10th; thence they will play in Atlanta, Augusta, Ga., and Montgomery, Ala., from April 17th to 29th inclusive; Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., six nights, commencing May 1st; thence to Mobile, Ala., for six nights, commencing May 8th; thence to Memphis, Tenn., for six nights, commencing May 15th; thence to St. Louis, Mo., for one week, commencing May 22d, and closing her tour at the Crosby Opera House, Chicago, Ill., commencing June 31, for a brief season, at the end of which Miss Thompson intends sailing for Europe. Mr. Samuel Colville, the well-known dramatic manager, is now associated with the management of this organization.

MISS ETTIE HENDERSON, a charming little actress, is prepared to accept brief star engagements, and she may be addressed as per advertisement. She is also in want of a new sensational play, the particulars concerning which may be found in our advertising columns.

MINISTER WASHBURNE'S appeal to the American public for relief to the suffering French people was first met in a public manner, in the dramatic profession, by Miss Lydia Thompson donating the receipts of one of her performances, in conjunction with Mrs. John Drew, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., when the gross receipts were handed over to the committee. We are credibly informed that it is Miss Thompson's intention to give a similar benefit for the same object, at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, where she is now performing, and will repeat the same benevolent purpose in Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., where she is shortly to appear. It will be observed that Miss Thompson cheerfully donates the receipts of one of her regular performances, which makes the act more praiseworthy.

AN AMATEUR advertises for an engagement as general utility man.

DAVIS AND CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., request, through their card elsewhere, that artists desiring engagements with traveling companies will make application to them.

THE FOX AND DENIER Pantomime Troupe performed in the "Three Blind Mice" in Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 13th and 14th.

FRANK DREW is announced to commence an engagement at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., this evening, Feb. 20th.

Musical.

MRS. VAN ZANDT, who has been singing in Europe for some years past under the name of Vanzini, will, it is said, return to this city, with M'me Parepa-Rosa, during the summer.

THE FREAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS performed in Waterbury, Conn., on Feb. 13th, and Meriden, 14th.

PROFESSOR W. R. ERSKINGRA died at Jacksonville, Fla., on Feb. 14th. He was a musical director and instructor, and was well known in Maine.

W. BRINCK, baritone, and trombone player, advertises that he can be engaged.

MLLE NILSSON made her first appearance, after her illness, at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, on Tuesday evening, 14th. She was to give a *matinee* concert on the 18th and sing in oratorio, supported by the Cincinnati Harmonic Society, on the 20th. Between the 14th and 18th she concertized in Terre Haute, Ind., and other places.

A CONCERT by amateurs was given at College Hall, Cincinnati, on the afternoon of the 15th.

SEVERAL MUSICIANS are wanted to travel by "Musician," who advertises.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS gave two concerts at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 15th and 16th, which were well attended.

A CONCERT was given on the evening of the 18th inst., at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, by Prof. E. Barili and L. La Grassa, assisted by some fifty ladies and gentlemen. Marcadante's masterpiece "The Seven Lost Words of Jesus Christ" was produced for the first time in this country.

THE GERMAN ORCHESTRA gives attractive *matinee* concerts every Saturday afternoon, at the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, which are well patronized by the music loving community of that city.

AMBROSE, the child violinist, assisted by a company of artists, will give six concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, commencing on the 27th inst.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION opens for six nights and one *matinee*, on the 20th inst., at the Pittsburgh Opera House. The *repertoire* includes "Fidelio" for the opening night, and then "Maritana," "Martha," "Huguenots," "Freischutz," "Fra Diavolo" and "Oberon."

AT THE THEATRE DE L'OPERA, NEW ORLEANS, LA., during the week ending Sunday, the 12th, writes our correspondent, "Crescent," "The directors presented 'La Juive,' 'Faust,' 'Le Barbier de Seville' and 'La Favorita.' The leading attraction was 'La Juive,' in which Mr. Lefranc, as Eleazar, created a decided sensation, his rich tenor voice being heard to much advantage, especially in the last scene and subsequent scenes in the same act. Mr. Castelmary, as the Cardinal Brogni, was also much admired, as also was Mr. Dekeghel as Leopold. Mlle. Rozes as Rachel was admirable, singing the trying music of the *role* with much more than her wonted power, while the Princess Eudoxie could not have been in better hands than those of Mlle. Naddi. The opera was splendidly put on the stage, especially so in the matter of costumes, which were both bright and brilliant. The *ballet* in the first and third acts was good and reflected much credit on Mr. Van Hamme. On Monday evening, 13th inst., Mr. Lefranc will make his seventh appearance in 'William Tell'; the 14th, 'Faust' is announced, with Mme. Edelsberg, the contralto, as Marguerite, and on the 16th Mr. Lefranc will appear as Edgardo in 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' "

THE BERGER FAMILY, Swiss bell ringers, under the management of Mr. E. P. Kendall, opened at Wall's Opera House, Washington, on the 13th inst., to a thronged and fashionable audience, and, notwithstanding the fact that during the early part of the week the weather was rather inclement, the audience increased in size with each succeeding performance. Our correspondent thus writes concerning this troupe:—"The regular theatrical prices, *i. e.*, $1 to orchestra chairs, were adhered to, and this in the face of Mrs. Scott-Siddons at the National Theatre, besides various other entertainments in different parts of the city. The performance offered by this troupe is something quite superior to the general run of exhibitions of this kind. The comic vocalist and facial artist, Mr. Sol Smith Russell, is one of the main attractions. He possesses rare comic talent, and is not only exceedingly versatile, but is entirely original in his comical portraitures. During the early part of the evening he impersonated various original characters in costume, and afterwards he appeared in a full dress attire and gave the song, 'Billy Nubbs, the Poet,' with recitations, which caused excessive mirth in the audience. Anna Berger's cornet solo, the ballad singing of Mr. Lavake and Miss Maud Stanley, the bell duetts of Henrietta and Henry Berger, and the instrumental music, especially that produced from the silver toned bells by the company, were among the good things placed upon the programme."

"THE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER;" a ballad; words by George Cooper, and music by Nathan Percy, has been published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.

THE GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMBINATION, Caroline Richings-Bernard, Directress, opened at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., for the second time this season, and for one week, on Monday, 13th inst., concerning which our correspondent, "Don Juan," writes under date of Feb. 17th: "'Fidelio' opened the week. On account of the late severe snow storm, and consequent bad condition of the streets, the house was but moderately full. The opera was excellently well appointed, sung and enacted. On Tuesday, Balfe's opera of 'The Rose of Castile' was produced. On Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Mozart's opera of the 'Marriage of Figaro' was presented. There was a full but not crowded attendance. On Thursday, the opera of 'Martha' was witnessed, and its merits generally appreciated by a fine audience. Friday, for the benefit of Mrs. C. R. Bernard, was given the 2d act of 'La Traviata,' the 2d act of 'Der Freischutz' and the 3d act of the 'Marriage of Figaro,' to a first-rate house. For the Saturday *matinee*, 'Crown Diamonds,' and farewell opera in the evening (first time), Carl Weber's 'Oberon.' "

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL TROUPE performed the cantata of the "Haymakers," at the Parshall Opera House, Titusville, Pa., on Feb. 13th and 14th.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY are announced to sing at the Opera House, Bridgeport, Conn., on March 1st.

MISS SANFORD, of Bridgeport, Conn., is announced to give a concert in the Opera House on March 2d, when she will have the assistance of the following artists:—Mr. Simpson, tenor; Mr. Whitney, basso, and Arbuckle, the cornet-a-piston soloist.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS and her concert company are announced to sing in Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 22d.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, Swiss Bell Ringers, commenced a brief season at the Masonic Temple, Indianapolis, Ind., on Feb. 18th.

THE JUNIOR PEAK FAMILY of Swiss Bell Ringers will start out for a tour from Niles, Mich., the latter part of March.

Variety Halls.

THE EXCHANGE THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., continues the centre of attraction under the management of Dan Shelby, and the programme is applauded nightly by a crowded audience. Johnny Collins has made a hit in his Dutch and Ethiopian impersonations, and Billy Allen has made a host of friends by his saltatory and Terpsichorean efforts in his jig and essence of old Virginia. Walter Bray is underlined for the ensuing (this) week..... At the Metropolitan, Robert Butler has introduced another pantomime, which excels his previous excellent efforts. It is entitled the "Red Gnome." Messrs. Shappee and Whitney appear as the Fantastic Brothers, and H. Bernard is good Dutch as ita. Charles E. Dobson concludes his engagement this week. His banjo solos are inimitable. He is closely run by Johnny Smith, who adds his vocal abilities to the banjo's quick fingering. The original Can-Can is also a great attraction. Polly Daly sings comic songs as if she were "to the manner born," and Johnny McVeigh does the Ethiopian essence business to great satisfaction. Other parts are in the hands of Ellen Simpson, Maggie Clark, Emma De Voy, Mollie Somers, Nellie Gegrino, J. H. Stout, E. D. Gooding, etc., playing well to Gus Gebert's orchestra, and enhancing the popularity of Thomson and Harris' management. So writes our correspondent "Vagrantes," under date of Feb. 17th.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, "Paris Surrendered; or, the Pleasures of a Gay Capital," was presented for the first time on the 13th, and passed off to the satisfaction of a very full audience. The marches and terpsichorean movements of the blondes were executed in the most artistic manner, meriting and receiving cordial applause. On the afternoon of the 16th, manager Aims gave a *matinee* for the benefit of those who suffered from the recent fire on the south side of the Monongahela river. The attendance was very large, and a considerable sum of money was realised—some $400. A new company opens this week.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, St. Louis, Mo., writes our correspondent, "Agra," on Feb. 17th:—"the principal event of the week was a little shooting affair which occurred on Monday morning, the 13th, at rehearsal, between Mr. Cavanagh, the stage manager, and Mr. A. B. Kennedy, one of the stock. The particulars, as I learn from witnesses, are as follow: Mr. Kennedy made some objection to a position assigned him by Mr. Cavanagh in the scene they were rehearsing, saying that 'it would appear ridiculous,' to which Mr. Cavanagh answered, 'You're drunk.' Mr. Kennedy said, 'I'm a man, sir, and if you desire to test it physically you are at liberty to do so.' Mr. Cavanagh repeated his former accusation, with the addition of some other words, and was responded to by Mr. Kennedy saying 'I warn you,' upon which Mr. Cavanagh pulled out his pistol and essayed to fire—but the cap snapped; he tried again with better success and the pistol went off, the bullet missing Mr. Kennedy and nearly hitting one of the ladies of the *ballet*. Much excitement was created and various things were said and done, but matters did not assume a tangible shape until Wednesday, when Mr. Kavanagh was arrested at the instance of Mr. Kennedy, on a charge of assault with intent to kill, and was released on bonds. A petition was gotten up the same day and signed by the principal members of the company stating their desire to have Mr. Cavanagh removed from his position and expelled from the company; that they did not wish to play any more under his management, he having acted in a manner unbecoming a gentleman and a stage manager. Mr. Cavanagh has not appeared behind the scenes since, at the performances. I understand that the managers wish to hold the members of the company to their contracts and re-instate Mr. Cavanagh. The trial is set for the 21st inst. Good houses have been the order this week and the specialities are well received. D'Atalie, of the strong law, has not appeared this week, and J. L. Davis, with his performing dogs, has been engaged and appears nightly. .....At the Varieties Theatre, Eva Brent, who opened on Monday night, the 13th, in vocal selections, is the only new comer this week. Tommy Farren and C. P. Baker are still on and have become popular. Hen Mason, Celia Ifferd, Sallie Mason, La Belle Ida, Sig. Constantine and Mlle Eveline, pantomimists; Clark Gibbs, Mlles Bertha, Brunetti and Oberti, and La Petite Emma all appear in the olio, in their different specialities, this week. The performances conclude with the drama, 'The Three Past Women,' with Miss Annie Hathaway as Florence Squires, with several doubles; Miss Sallie Mason as Rosina Squires, and Mlle Eveline as Nettie Griffin, a Yankee girl. A grand female minstrel scene occurs in the course of the piece, in which all the company appear. Business has been better than usual since this piece was put on. On Friday, the 17th, Clark Gibbs, delineator of old time characters, is announced for a benefit. Mr. Gibbs, I learn, is engaged to go with the Van Amburgh party, as principal clown, the coming season. Harry Macarthy, versatile comedian, is announced to appear Monday next, the 20th, and George Thompson will probably open then, or the succeeding week, as leading man in the dramatic line..... At Carroll's New Varieties a good bill is on this week but no new people. Guilfoil and Rouke are excellent in their double sing, and Fred. T. Shaw's original songs are well received. Wm. Scott, who has filled the position of stage manager at this house ever since it was opened, is announced to take a benefit on Friday, 17th inst."

LITTLE JOSIE, serio comic vocalist, etc. and Jas. E. Carton, Ethiopian comedian, are prepared to accept engagements after March 6th and can be addressed at Fitzgerald's Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., where they are now performing.

CHAS. VIVIAN, character vocalist and mimic, closes at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., on March 4th, after which date he is prepared to accept engagements.

EMMA ALFORD, vocalist and dancer, and Sidney Franks, comic vocalist and mimic, commence an engagement in Cincinnati, O., on March 6th.

HARRY WOOD, character artist, and Fannie Wood, character artiste and vocalist, are prepared to accept engagements through their agents, Riggs & Fitzgerald.

FEMALE ARTISTS are wanted for Smith's New Opera House, East Saginaw, Mich., which will be opened on March 1st.

AT THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Kansas City, Mo., business has been good, writes a correspondent on Feb. 14th:—"Miss Ag

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FOR THEATRICAL or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
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A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
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